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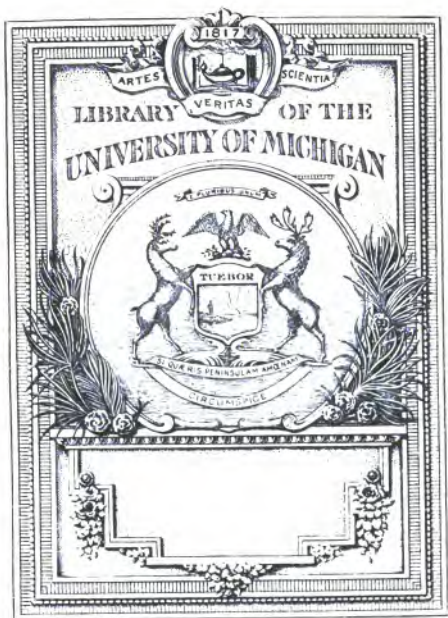
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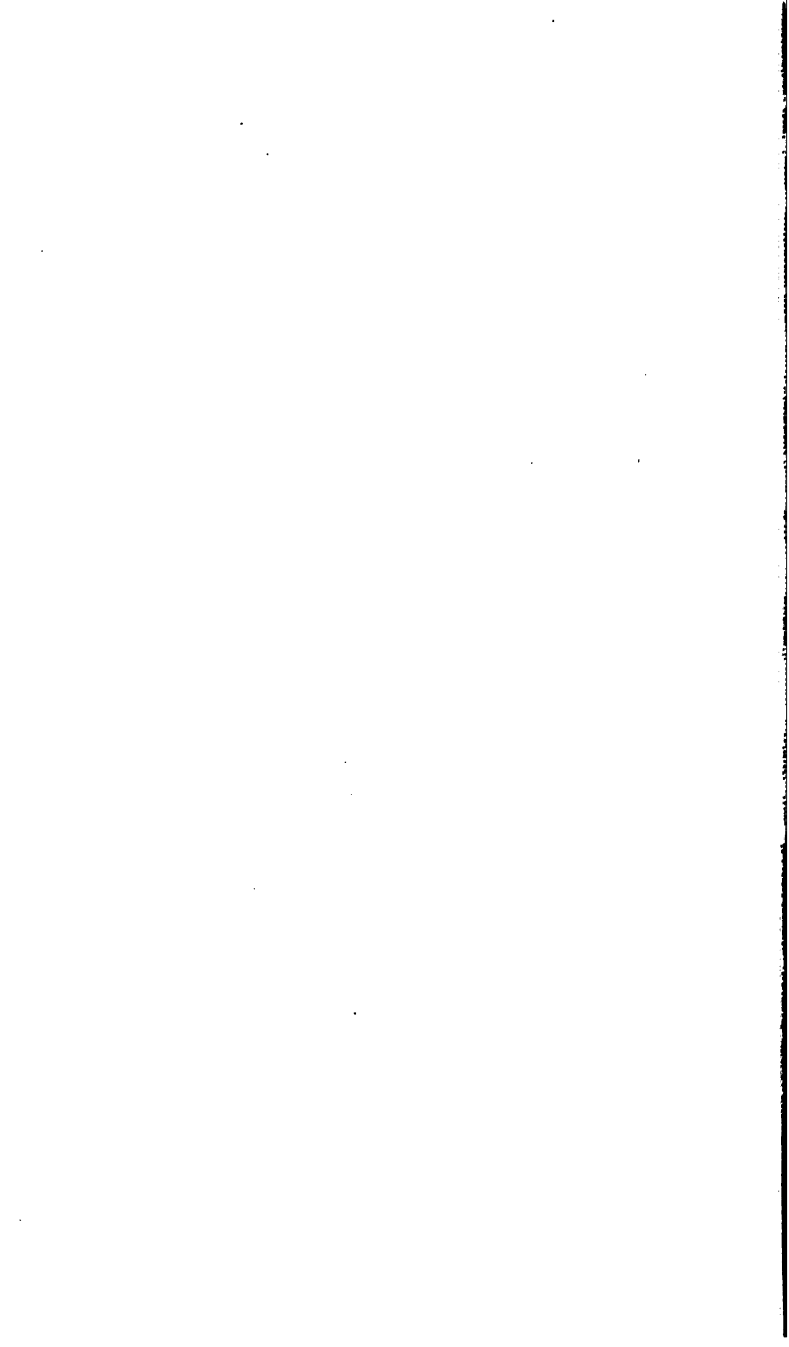


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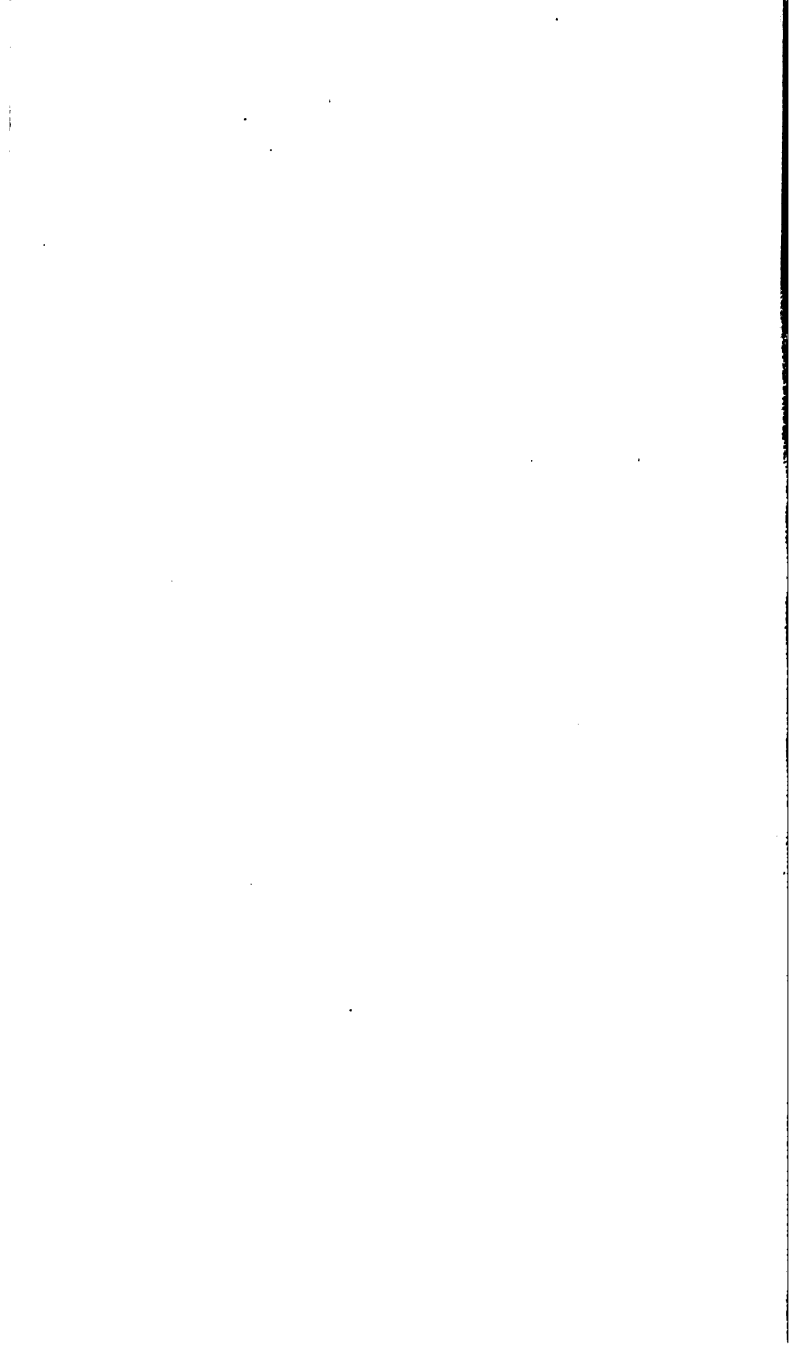
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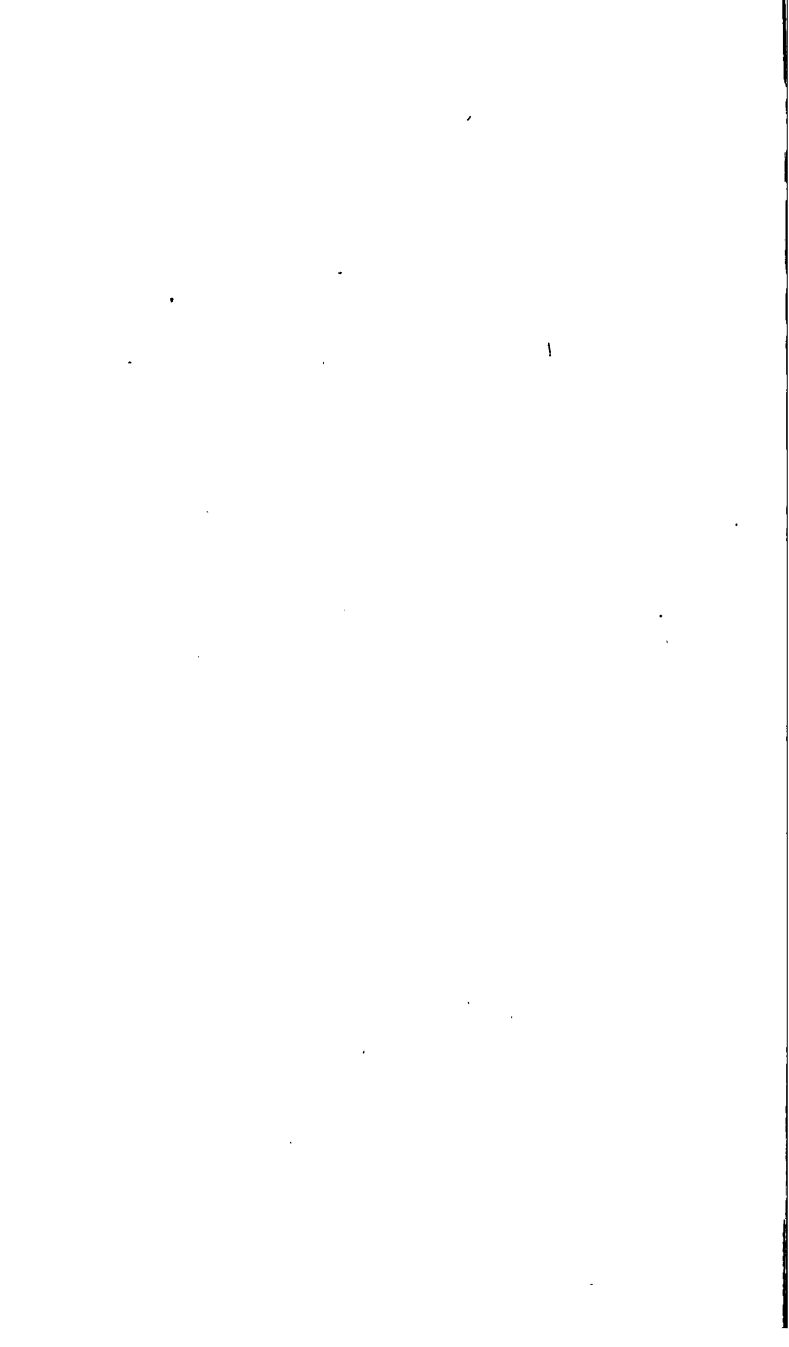
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A

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,

FIRST MINISTER OF DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WITH A SLIGHT SKETCH OF ANCIENT DEERFIELD,
AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN WARS IN THAT
PLACE AND VICINITY.

WITH AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING THE JOURNAL OF THE

REV. DOCTOR STEPHEN WILLIAMS,

OF LONGMEADOW, DURING HIS CAPTIVITY,

AND OTHER PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY

INDIAN WARS IN DEERFIELD.

BY STEPHEN W. WILLIAMS, A. M.; M. D.

Honorary Member of the New York Historical Society, &c. &c.

Author of the Catechism of Medical Jurisprudence, &c. &c.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

PUBLISHED AND PRINTED BY C. J. J. INGERSOLL

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1837.

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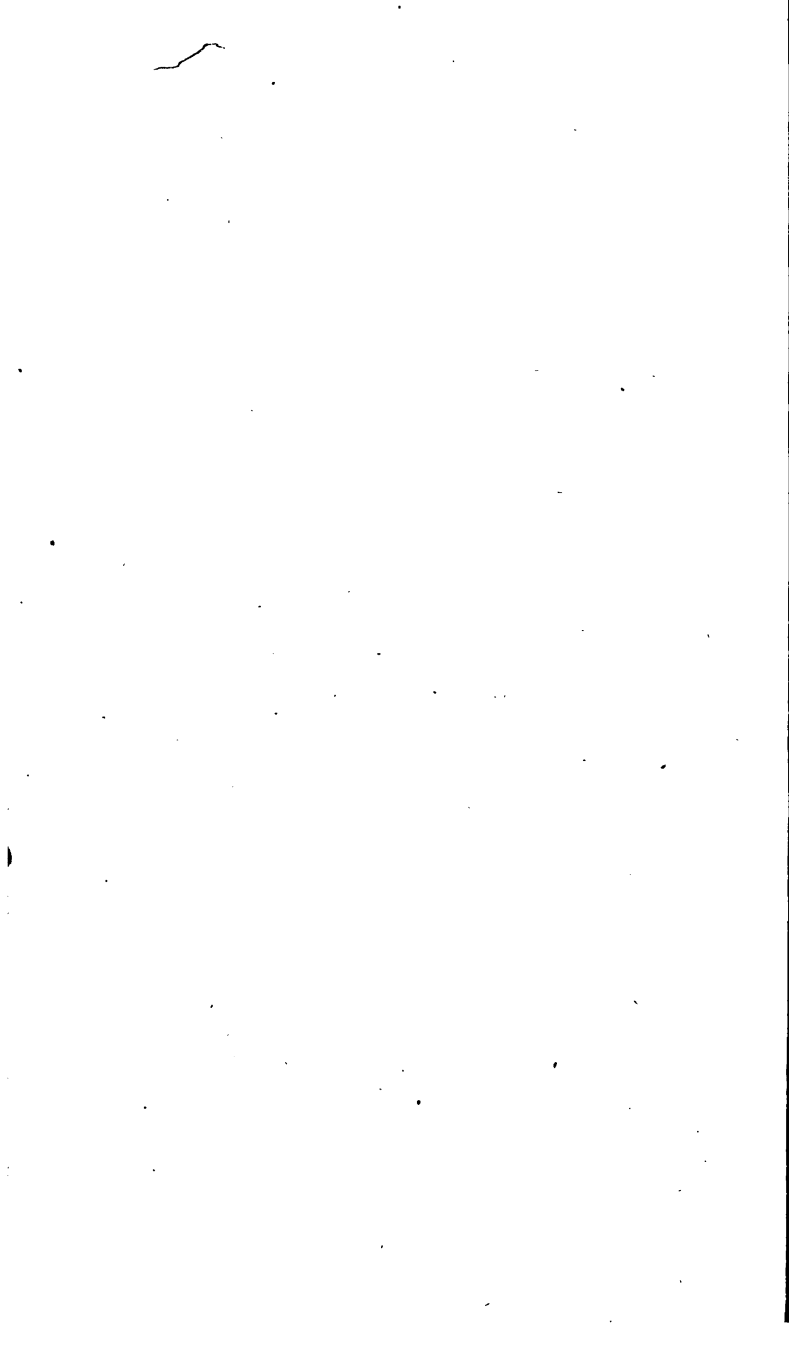
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P R E F A C E .

THE Redeemed Captive, containing an account of the sacking of the town of Deerfield by the French and Indians, on the 29th of February, 1703—4, and a history of the sufferings of the Rev. John Williams, and his family, and many of his townsmen, written by himself, has been out of print for more than twenty years. The demand for that work has been great for a long time, and I have been induced to prepare another edition of it, in a new form, under the title of a Biographical Memoir of the pious and distinguished author of that work, in which I have thrown out much which has appeared to me extraneous, and have added many particulars in relation to his life and character which have never before been published. The whole of it, except the extracts, is in my own language. I hope an acceptable service has been rendered to the public.

In preparing a history of the town of Deerfield, during the past winter, which I delivered before my friends and fellow-townsmen in the Deerfield Lyceum in a series of half a dozen lectures, I had occasion to examine the ancient records and traditions of the town for many of the facts incorporated in this work, and I offer no apology for embodying a history of the early Indian wars in this place previous to the settlement of Mr. Williams here. They are correct accounts of all the Indian disturbances and battles in this town and vicinity previous to that time.

In the prosecution of this undertaking I have received much assistance from Mrs. Jerusha M. Colton, formerly Miss Williams, one of the descendants of the Rev. John Williams, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Doctor Stephen Williams, of Longmeadow, who was captivated with his father, at the time of the destruction of Deerfield by the French and Indians, and I take this opportunity to return her my sincere thanks for her kindness in forwarding to me documents in the hand writing of her grandfather, which, probably must otherwise have been lost in the lumber of the closet, or of the garret. Among other curious and interesting matter which she forwarded me, the journal of her grandfather during his captivity, or immediately after it, and which is published in the appendix, is not the least interesting. Other highly interesting matter in relation to the early Indian wars in this town, by the same writer, is likewise appended, which must greatly enhance the interest and value of the work.

That the work will be obnoxious to criticism I do not pretend to deny. That work has never yet been published, in which personal enmity has not found subjects for cavil, if not for slander. There is, however, this subject for consolation—the more severe the criticism, the greater notoriety does the work obtain. The public are always better judges than servile hireling critics. To that public I am willing to submit this humble production.

STEPHEN W. WILLIAMS.

Deerfield, Massachusetts, 1837.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and education.—Slight Sketch of Pocomtuck, or Deerfield.—
Lathrop's Battle.—Turner's Fight.

THE lives of eminent men are identified with the history of the section of the country in which they have resided. This is peculiarly the case with the subject of this memoir. Having spent the greater part of his days in the town of Deerfield, on the banks of Connecticut river, at a period when the country was wild and waste, and exposed to all the horrors of savage warfare, and having sustained so great a share of the privations and sufferings of our fathers in planting and establishing the pleasant country in which we now reside, under the banners of peace, of comfort, and security, his biography must be interesting to his friends and the public.

Mr. John Williams was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 16, 1664. He was son of Deacon Samuel Williams, of the same place, and grandson of Mr. Robert Williams, who, according to the best information I can obtain, came from Norwich, England, and settled at Roxbury in the year 1638, eighteen years from the time of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and eight years from the settlement of Trimontain, Shawmut, or Boston. It appears that at the time of the first settlement of Boston there was but one English inhabitant in Roxbury. Eight years after this, Mr. Williams arrived and settled there. We have no correct account of the cause of his leaving his native land, but it was, probably on account of the religious

persecutions of the puritans, which at that time were carried on with fiery and unrelenting zeal; so much so that our ancestors preferred risking their lives and property in a savage wilderness, far distant from their native home, to the more savage persecutions of fanatical bigots. The faithful page of history has informed us of the sufferings of our fathers in establishing themselves in this howling wilderness, and how much they had to contend with from the warfare of the savages, from famine, and disease. It is probable that Mr. Williams endured his portion of these trials and hardships. Soon after his arrival at Roxbury he married and had four children, and from him have descended all the families of Williams in this section of the country.

John, the subject of this notice, early devoted his attention to study. Through the munificence of his honored and pious grandfather, on the maternal side, Deac. William Park, he was educated at Harvard College, and graduated there in the year 1683, at the age of 19 years. He soon after commenced the study of Divinity. I do not know the period of clerical pupilage in those days, but it appears that he became the first minister of Deerfield in the spring of 1686. The peril of such an undertaking in those days, when the country had been laid in ruins but a short time before by the bold incursions of King Philip of Mount Hope, one of the most enterprising chieftains according to his means, of ancient or modern times, was such as to demand a slight view of the ancient history of the town of his adoption, and of those scenes of blood and carnage which our ancestors so largely shared and suffered, to transmit to us these fertile fields, these beautiful domains. Although he was not an active participator in the bloody battles of Lathrop and Turner, yet they occurred in the age in which he lived, and on the very ground which he afterwards selected as the place of his abode, although surrounded by the same dangers and difficulties with which his immediate

ancestors had to contend. It is therefore necessary that a slight notice of these events should be incorporated with the history of his life.

In the year 1651, the general court of the Massachusetts Bay granted two thousand acres of land to the Indians for an Indian village at Natick, which was then a part of Dedham, and in compensation to Dedham therefor they granted to the proprietors of Dedham eight thousand acres of any land heretofore unappropriated within the jurisdiction, wherever the proprietors might choose to locate them.

In 1663 messengers were sent to examine the country. These were John Fairbanks, and Lieut. Daniel Fisher, who on their return gave a most glowing description of the land on the banks of Deerfield river, which account may be found in Worthington's history of Dedham, and the town of Dedham appointed six persons to repair to Deerfield, which was then called by the Indians Pocomtuck, and to locate the eight thousand acres there. Capt. John Pynchon, of Springfield, was employed by the town, to purchase those lands of the Indians. He soon after performed that duty, and procured four deeds from the Indians; which were afterwards deposited in Deac. Aldis' box at Dedham. Dedham gave ninety-four pounds, ten shillings for these deeds; which sum was procured by an assessment on the common rights in the Dedham proprietary.

In the spring of the year 1671 the first settlement of Deerfield began, and a few houses were erected on the main street, on the lots drawn by the proprietors, on the town plat, which was then a forest. The location of the eight thousand acres, called the Dedham grant, under the administration of Gov. Bellingham, began at Pocomtuck river, near Cheapside, and extended north so as to contain all the meadow lands, the town plat, Bloody-Brook village, and all the flat lands within the hills to Hatfield line; and a better tract of the same quantity of land could not have been se-

lected, even by men of the present day, who have resided here fifty years. Our ancestors well knew where to find good lands, or they never would have periled life and liberty in an uncultivated and savage wilderness.

The first inhabitants lived on peaceable terms with the Indians until the year 1675, at which time King Philip's war commenced. On the 1st of September of this year the town was attacked by the Indians, several houses were burnt, and one man by the name of James Eggleston was killed. On the 12th of the same month, when going to attend public worship on Sunday, the inhabitants were attacked, and a man by the name of Samuel Harrington was severely wounded; another was driven into a morass, taken and killed. This was, indeed, a fatal month to the English settlers in this part of the country. On the 18th, six days after the last affray, an event occurred which clothed the country in sackcloth and ashes,—“The blackest day ever noticed in the annals of New-England.” I have reference to the slaughter of Capt. Thomas Lathrop, of Essex county, and ninety of his men, who fell on this memorable day, surrounded by an army of seven or eight hundred Indians, probably headed by that wiley commander and sagacious chieftain, King Philip himself, at a place called Bloody-Brook, in Deerfield, about five miles from the north village in this town.

The general depot of English troops at Hadley at this time had increased so much as to make it necessary to ransack the country for provisions. A large quantity of grain, probably wheat, had been harvested and stacked at Deerfield. Capt. Lathrop, and a company of eighty men besides a number of teamsters with their teams, were sent by Major Treat from this place to thrash out the grain and carry it to Hadley.—Capt. Moseley and a small body of colonial troops, were at this time stationed at Deerfield street in the garrison. Capt. Lathrop and his men thrashed out the grain,

loaded the carts, and commenced their return to Hadley on the morning of the 18th, feeling themselves in perfect security. Unfortunately he was not so well versed in modern warfare as to know the necessity of flank guards, or he was totally unapprehensive of the danger which threatened him. After he had proceeded about four miles and a half through the country which was then covered with woods, and had just crossed the little stream, now called Bloody-Brook, precisely at the spot where the present bridge now crosses that stream, and exactly at the place where the corner stone to the monument which is to be erected in commemoration of the event, is laid, on a sudden, and without any warning, they were attacked, probably by King Philip himself and seven or eight hundred ferocious Indians, howling for vengeance, and brandishing the deadly tomahawk and murderous scalping knife. The troops had crossed the stream and were waiting for the teams to come up. More than one account states that many of the soldiers had stacked or laid down their guns, and, in conscious security, were regaling themselves upon the delicious grapes which were found there in great abundance, growing upon the vines which were entwined around the trees at that place. In a moment the guns of the whole body of Indians who were lying in wait here for their victims, poured destruction upon their ranks, accompanied by the terrific yells of the savage war-whoop. Capt. Lathrop and the greater part of his soldiers fell on the first attack. Those who remained fought with the ferocity of tigers, but, of what avail were skill and bravery against such a disparity of numbers. Of nearly one hundred men who entered that field of death on that fatal morning, in the bloom of health, of youth, of manly beauty, only seven or eight remained to tell the melancholy tale. All the rest were inhumanly butchered, and the clods of the valley have rested upon their bosoms for more than one hundred and sixty years. Departed spirits, fare-

well! we have often mourned thy early exit, and dropped the tear of commiseration at thy much lamented fate.— These young men have always been considered “the flower of the county of Essex,” and they descended from the most respectable families there. Mr. Hubbard, the historian, or Cotton Mather, calls this “the saddest day which ever occurred in New England.”

Capt. Moseley, who was stationed at Deerfield street, with Lieutenants Pickering and Savage, either hearing the firing at Bloody-Brook, or being apprised of the disaster of Capt. Lathrop, by the soldiers or teamsters who were so fortunate as to escape from the massacre, ran immediately to their relief, but were too late for the rescue. They found the Indians plundering the dead of such articles of value as remained about them. They attacked the Indians with great fury, and they were as much unprepared for such an assault, as Lathrop was for their attack upon him. They charged them to and fro across the swamp and back, and destroyed them in great numbers. They finally drove them across a great western swamp, and dispersed them in a distant forest, and in all this skirmishing and destruction of the enemy, Capt. Moseley lost only two men, and had six or eight wounded.

Towards the close of the day, Major Treat, who was on that day on a march from Hadley to Northfield, arrived upon the field of action, with about one hundred men, English, and Pequot and Mohegan Indians, and was of service to Capt. Moseley and his men, in helping him to disperse the enemy. Treat and Moseley retired to the garrison that night, and in the morning returned to bury Lathrop and his slain, when they found a party of Indians plundering the dead.

I copy from Gen. Hoyt's Antiquarian Researches, a work of standard merit, and one which I hope will soon pass into a new and more beautiful edition, the following

singular instance of resuscitation from apparent death, which occurred at this time. "One Robert Dutch, of Ipswich, who had been prostrated by a ball which contused his head—mauled by hatchets—stripped and left for dead, recovered his senses—arose from the ground covered with blood, and in a state of nudity walked up to Moseley's men. He was furnished with clothes—carried to the English headquarters, recovered and lived several years in perfect health."

The Indians lost on that day about ninety-six men, who were, probably, most of them killed in the engagement with Moseley. About forty years after this event, during the ministry of Mr. Williams, our forefathers erected a rude monument to the memory of Capt. Lathrop and his men; but the different occupants of the soil have removed it so many times that it has been extremely difficult to ascertain the precise spot where he or his men were buried. So much laudable curiosity has been excited, of late, upon the subject, that a meeting of several of the citizens of the ancient town of Deerfield was held in the summer of 1835, for the purpose of making arrangements for commemorating the 160th anniversary of the destruction of Capt. Lathrop and his men, for ascertaining, if possible, where their bones lie interred, and to take measures for the erection of a monument to their memories. The committee of investigation, guided by the tradition of some aged people, were so fortunate as to discover the precise spot where Lathrop and about thirty of his men were buried, and their bones were in a tolerable state of preservation, although they disintegrated upon exposure to the air. The grave is just in front of the door yard of Stephen Whitney, Esq. and about twenty feet northwest of his front door.

A grave probably containing the bones of the ninety-six Indians who were slain on that day, was, likewise found by accident about the same time, nearly one hundred rods

west of the head of the road leading from Bloody-Brook to Conway, by Mr. Artemas Williams, and a little more than half a mile south-west of the grave of Lathrop; an admirable situation for an Indian grave.

The Hon. Edward Everett, of Charlestown, now governor of Massachusetts, was appointed the orator for the occasion, and Gen. Ep. Hoyt of this town, was requested to prepare the address at the laying of the corner stone for the monument. Extensive preparations were made for the commemoration of the event, and on the day of the celebration, the high expectations of the public were not disappointed. About six thousand people listened with enchained attention and rapturous delight to the lofty and thrilling tones of oratory proceeding from both the speakers' lips, who did ample justice to the heroism and valor of our ancestors, whose blood flowed so profusely on this melancholy occasion. Other scarcely less animating addresses and sentiments were given at the table, and the festivities of the occasion were highly exhilarating. A collection of above two hundred dollars was shortly made for the monument, and we trust, the crying sin of neglect will no longer rest upon their descendants.

"Sleep, soldiers of merit, sleep gallants of yore,

"The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er;

"While the fir-tree is green, or the wind rolls a wave,

"The tear-drop shall brighten the turf of the brave."

Deerfield was deserted soon after this disaster, by the inhabitants, and the Indians reduced the settlement to ashes.

On the 17th of May, 1676, Capt. Turner marched from Hatfield at the head of about 160 militia men, to attack a large Indian force stationed at the great falls, so called, on Connecticut river, in that part of Deerfield which is now Gill. The Indians had a large settlement there, as it was a famous resort for salmon, bass, and shad. They had at that time a force there of several hundred men. Captain

Turner was from Boston, and he commanded the standing forces; the volunteers were commanded by Capt. Holyoke, of Springfield, Ensign Lyman of Northampton, and Sergeants, Kellogg and Dickinson, of Hadley. The Rev. Hope Atherton accompanied them. Benjamin Wait and Experience Hinsdale were pilots. I love to be particular, for I think the names of those who have fought and bled for us, should be transmitted to posterity.

There was another party of Indians at this time at Smead's Island, a little more than a mile below. After the defeat of Lathrop and the desertion of Deerfield, the Indians considered themselves in little danger of an attack from the English; especially as their forces were not numerous at Hadley and the adjacent towns, they, therefore, took little pains to protect themselves. In addition to this, two boys who had previously been taken by the Indians on the river below, by the names of Gillet and Stebbins, escaped from them, and informed the English of the situation of their enemies.

This company, well mounted, and under the immediate command of Capt. Turner, passed directly through Deerfield street, which was a short time before in smoking ruins, and across the river at Cheapside, about two miles above, where there was a lodge of Indians, by whom they were heard as they forded the river. They got up and examined the crossing place, but finding no evidence of horses having passed, they supposed that the noise proceeded from moose, crossing the river, and retired to rest. Turner now proceeded to Greenfield meadow and passed Green river, and continued his route through pathless woods for about four miles, and came to a halt on the west bank of Fall river, where it empties into the Connecticut, about half a mile from the Indian camp above the falls. They here tied their horses, and left them in charge of a small sentry. It was now near day-break, but the Indians were asleep, not even guarded by a single sentinel. It is said they had been

rioting the evening before upon milk and roast beef which they had stolen from the neighboring towns. The English silently broke in upon their camp, and poured in a charge of musketry which almost completely deafened them. In their consternation and alarm they ran towards the river crying out *Mohawks! Mohawks!* supposing themselves attacked by these Indians. Great numbers jumped into their canoes and many forgot their paddles, and were hurried precipitously over the falls, dashed to pieces and drowned, while others were destroyed by the English in the camp, in their cabins, and in their canoes. Report says, that Capt. Holyoke killed five with his own hand; many others were equally brave, remembering the fate of Lathrop and his men. The loss on the part of the English was only one man. The Indian loss was very severe; one hundred were killed on the spot; one hundred and forty passed over the falls and were killed or drowned, with the exception of one man. A few escaped to their companions. The Indians acknowledged their own loss to be three hundred, and among them many of their principal Sachems.

Turner, having defeated and destroyed the principal part of the Indians at this place, and burned and demolished the encampment, collected his forces and returned towards the horses. In the mean time, a party of Indians from below attacked the guard who were protecting the horses. Another party of Indians about the same time were seen crossing the river above; they were attacked by about twenty of Turner's men, who volunteered their services, but the Indians were too strong for them, and they forced them to retire, and with some difficulty they reached the main body of Turner's troops, in time to assist them in driving back the Indians to the woods, who had attacked the guard with the horses. Turner now re-commenced his march to Hatfield, Holyoke covering his rear with a part of the force. They were soon attacked by a party of Indians from

Smead's Island, and by others who had united themselves with them from the east side of the river. They were often repulsed with great bravery and resolution by Capt. Holyoke. His horse was shot under him, and the Indians attempted to seize him. He shot the foremost with one of his pistols, which deterred the others from the attempt, and with the assistance of one of his men who ran to his relief, he escaped from them. A captive at this time informed the English that king Philip was in the pursuit of them with an army of one thousand men. This, with the severe fighting in which they had just been engaged, alarmed them, and they separated into parties, and arranged themselves under different leaders. The enemy were protected and covered by a thick morass, or swamp, extending from the foot of the hill at the falls, nearly to Green River on the west and south-west. One of the parties was cut off by the Indians at the swamp, and another party having got lost, were taken prisoners by them and afterwards burnt to death in the Indian manner, which was by covering them with dry bark, setting it on fire, and then quenching it, and kindling it again, until the life of the sufferer was at an end. Capt. Turner, who was but just partially recovering from a fit of sickness, with much toil and exertion, reached Green river, which, as he was passing, the enemy shot him from his horse, and he very soon expired. Capt. Holyoke continued his retreat through Green river meadows, probably across Petty's plain in Deerfield, and Deerfield meadows, continually harrassed by the Indians, until he reached Hatfield, with the loss of thirty-eight men.

As the detail of individual suffering and personal bravery is always listened to with deep interest and attention, I subjoin the following narration, the substance of which may be found in an attested copy of an account of the sufferings and hardships endured by Mr. Jonathan Wells of Hatfield, in this expedition, a youth then in the 17th year of

his age, but who became afterwards much esteemed in public life, and who lived to a good old age, honored and beloved by his fellow-townsmen.

Mr. Wells belonged to one of the parties who were under the necessity of contending with the Indians for the possession and recovery of their horses. He was fired upon by three Indians, after he had mounted his horse, and severely wounded; one of the balls whizzed through his hair, another wounded his horse, and a third struck his thigh at a place where it had formerly been fractured by a cart wheel passing over it. The ball did not entirely break the bone over anew, but merely fractured the end of one of the bones which projected over the other, it having been unskillfully managed at the time it was first set, or reduced. It was with great difficulty, after receiving this wound that he could retain his seat in the saddle. The Indians seeing he was wounded pursued him with great spirit. As soon as he began to recover a little from the shock of the wound he saw the Indians pressing hard upon him, and immediately presenting his gun towards them, he held them at bay, and when they again charged upon him he had the good fortune to escape from them, and to reach his companions. He begged of Capt. Turner to go back to the relief of his friends in the rear, as they were exposed to imminent danger from the Indians, or to tarry till they might overtake them. But Turner, probably thinking that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and being himself, with his little band, most critically situated, replied, "It is better to lose some than all." The army now separated into little squads, one leader crying, "if you will save your lives follow me;" and another, "if you regard your safety follow me." Mr. Wells followed a party whose course was towards a swamp, but perceiving that a body of the enemy was in that direction, he shifted his course, and fell in with another party whose route was in a different

direction. It was fortunate for him that he did so, for the party which he first joined were all killed by the Indians. His horse soon failed him on account of the wound which he had received, and he himself was much debilitated from loss of blood, and was not able to keep up with this party, but was left by them, with only one companion, a man by the name of Jones, who was also wounded. The country through which they had to pass was a pathless forest, and they had no guide to direct their course. Mr. Wells was very soon separated from his companion, who, on account of his wounds was not able to go on with him. At this time he was very faint, and happening to have a nutmeg in his pocket, he ate it, and revived. He wandered about the woods for a considerable time, and by accident arrived upon the banks of Green river which he followed up to a place called the country farms. After having passed the river, in attempting to rise a mountain on the west side of it, he became faint, and fell from his horse. He lay in this situation for a considerable time, but when he came to his senses, his horse was still standing beside him, and the bridle reins were on his hands. He got up and tied his horse to a tree, and again lay down. Upon more mature reflection, finding himself so extremely debilitated, he thought he should have no further use for his horse, he humanely let him loose to seek a living for himself in the forest. He unfortunately did not think to take provisions from his portmanteau which at that time contained an abundance. In the evening he built a fire to keep off the musketoes, which were very troublesome to him. This came very near destroying him, for the flames spread with so much rapidity among the leaves and underbrush, that in his faint and exhausted situation he had great difficulty in escaping from them. He no sooner considered himself out of danger on this account, than he again laid himself down to rest, but new anticipations alarmed him. He feared the Indians would

perceive his fire and direct their course towards him, and either kill, or captivate him. He had a quantity of ammunition with him which he was determined should not fall into their hands. After reserving a round or two for his own use, in case of an emergency, he cast the rest of it from him, to a great distance. After having waited a considerable time, and perceiving that the flames had extended themselves over a considerable territory, he began to be encouraged, and filled his wounds with tow, for lint, bound them up with his pocket handkerchief, and laid down to sleep. During his slumbers he dreamed that his grandfather appeared to him, and informed him that he had strayed out of the right course to Hatfield, and that he must direct his course down the river, and pursue that direction till he came to the termination of a mountain, where there was an extensive plain, on which he must continue his travels until he arrived home. It is very singular that he did not at first go down the river, instead of following it up, as he must have known, if he had reflected a moment, that this was the right direction to Deerfield street and Hatfield.— Upon awakening he felt himself stronger, his wounds had ceased bleeding, and making use of his gun as a staff, he was able slowly to walk. When he perceived the rising sun the next morning, he was satisfied that he had wandered from his course, and upon observation he concluded that he was now farther from home than he was when at the falls, the place of action. His first thought was to pay no attention to his dream, but, after taking all these things into consideration, he concluded to be governed by it. There was nothing supernatural in this dream. His sleep was probably disturbed, but not so much so that he could not reflect that this must be the natural course for him to pursue. He therefore travelled down the river, and came to the end of the mountain, and soon arrived upon the plain, where he immediately found a foot-path which conducted him to

the road where his companions had previously returned.— Upon his arrival at Deerfield river, he struggled with great difficulty in passing it, the stream being so powerful as to throw his lame leg over the other, and prevent his wading it. Several of his first efforts were entirely unavailing. However, still using his gun as a staff, he at length succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. Upon rising the bank, being much exhausted, he lay down under a walnut sapling, and fell asleep. On awaking he perceived an Indian in a canoe, coming directly towards him. He felt himself in a forlorn and perilous situation, as he was so lame as not to be able to escape by running, and his gun was so filled with sand and dirt, that he could not discharge it. As soon as the Indian saw him he pointed his gun at him, which frightened him so much that he jumped out of his canoe and left his gun behind, and escaped down the river. Mr. Wells now concluding that he would alarm the whole tribe, who were but a short distance from him, went into an adjacent swamp, where he found two logs lying near together, covered with rubbish. He crept between them and covered himself up as well as he could with this rubbish. He very soon heard the tread of the Indians, but dared not look out from his hiding place. When the noise had ceased and he supposed they were gone, he ventured out from his covert, and proceeded on his journey. He found some horses' bones in Deerfield meadows, and he was so very hungry that he ate some matter which the crows had left upon them; he also found some rotten beans, where the Indians had been thrashing, which he also ate. These, with the exception of two blue-birds' eggs, which he found on the way, were the only provisions which he tasted till he arrived at Hatfield. On Saturday night, a little after sundown, he arrived at the town plat in Deerfield street, but as he found no inhabitants there, the town

having been burnt a short time before, he proceeded on his journey in the evening.

His sufferings were now so great that he often laid himself down to die, under an expectation that he should never rise again. On the morning of the Sabbath he had not advanced any farther than Muddy-Brook, about five miles from the town plat. Here he discovered a human head, probably of one of Lathrop's soldiers, who was killed there the autumn before, which had been dug up by beasts of prey, and notwithstanding his distressed situation, he sought for and found the grave, and laid the head with the body, and covered it with billets of wood in the best manner he was able, to protect it from wild beasts. Upon leaving the brook, and entering upon the plain, he became very faint and thirsty, but could get no water, for some time. He, however, was frequently refreshed by holding his face in the smoke of burning pine knots which he often found, as the woods had been on fire, as was the frequent custom of the inhabitants in those days, to enable them to pursue their game with greater facility, and to give more free access to their cattle in feeding. He arrived home at noon on the sabbath, and was received with great joy by his friends, who believed him to be dead. He suffered extremely from his wounds, and many times he was confined to his bed for six months at a time. It was more than four years before he entirely recovered.

The following is an extract of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Atherton, pastor of the church at Hatfield. Mr. Atherton was in this action, and the sermon was delivered on the Sabbath after his return :—"In the hurry and confusion of the retreat, I was separated from the army. The night following I wandered up and down among the dwelling places of the enemy, but none of them discovered me. The next day I tendered myself to them a prisoner, for no

way of escape appeared, and I had been a long time without food, but notwithstanding I offered myself to them, yet they accepted not my offer; when I spoke they answered not; and when I moved toward them they fled. Finding they would not accept of me as a prisoner, I determined to take the course of the river, and if possible, find the way home, and after several days of hunger, fatigue and danger, I reached Hatfield."

The Indians were very superstitious with regard to priests or ministers of the gospel, believing them to be supernatural beings. This may account for their conduct to Mr. Atherton at this time.

The government of Massachusetts in compensation for the services of Capts. Turner and Holyoke and their men in this engagement, granted them and their successors, the township called Bernardston, then Fall-town.*

The following year, 1677, an attempt was made to re-settle the town; very soon after, however, a number of the people were slain, and the town was deserted. A man by the name of John Root was killed on the 19th of September of this year, and three others by the names of Sergeant Plympton, Quintin Stockwell, and Benoni Stebbins were taken prisoners. Stebbins escaped and returned to Deerfield, Plympton was burnt at the stake, and it is said that the Indians compelled a Mr. Dickinson to lead him to it, and that he went to it with cheerfulness. In the year 1682 the settlers returned, and for several years were unmolested by the Indians. This year the town of Deerfield was incorporated.

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Williams' first settlement at Deerfield.—Indian disturbances.—Sacking of the town.

AT the time of the additional grant of the legislature to the eight thousand acres, in the year 1673, so as to constitute Pocomptuck a township of an area of seven square miles, one of the conditions of the grant was, that the inhabitants should settle an orthodox minister within three years. The settlements on Connecticut river were at that time, and for a long time afterwards, in a state of continual jeopardy from savage warfare and Indian incursions. The great battles of Lathrop and Turner had paralyzed the enterprise of the pioneers of the wilderness, and it was a long time before they recovered their energies. It was not till the year 1682 that any great efforts were made at re-settlement. A few inhabitants returned that year, and for several succeeding years they were not much molested by the Indians. On account of these disturbances the town did not comply with the conditions of the grant, yet no exceptions were taken by the government. On the contrary, additional grants were afterwards made to the limits of the town.

In March 1686, Mr. Williams was ordained the first minister of the gospel in Deerfield, when he was but little more than twenty-one years of age. He must have been shielded by the whole armor of the christian warfare to have risked his life in so hazardous an undertaking. The following is the agreement between him and his people, copied from the early records of the town:

“The inhabitants of Deerfield, to encourage Mr. John

Williams to settle amongst them, to dispense the blessed word of truth unto them, have made propositions to him as followeth :—

“That they will give him sixteen cow commons of meadow land, with a home-lot that lyeth on the meeting house hill—that they will build him a house forty-two feet long, twenty feet wide, with a lento on the back side of the house, to finish said house, to fence his home-lot, and within two years after this agreement, to build him a barn, and break up his ploughing land. For yearly salary, to give him sixty pounds a year for the present, and four or five years after this agreement, to add to his salary, and make it eighty pounds. The committee approved and ratified the above propositions on the condition Mr. Williams settle among them.

Attest, Medad Pumry, by order of the committee.”

“At a meeting of the inhabitants of Deerfield, Dec. 17, 1686, there was granted to Mr. John Williams a certain piece of land lying within the meadow fence, beginning at Joseph Sheldon’s north line, and so runs to Deerfield River, north, or north east, the owners of the common fence maintaining it as it now is at the time of the grant.”

There was a further agreement between Mr. Williams and the town in relation to his salary, in 1696—7. “The town to pay their salary to me in wheat, pease, Indian-corn, and pork, at the prices stated, viz.—wheat at 3s. 3d. per bushel, Indian-corn at 2s. per bushel, fatted pork at 2d. 1-2 per lb., these being the terms of the bargain made with me at the first. (Signed) JOHN WILLIAMS.”

About seven years after his settlement, on the 6th of June, 1693, Indian depredations again commenced at Deerfield, and the widow Hepzibah Wells, of his society and three of her daughters were knocked down, and scalped, one of whom recovered from the terrific maiming. Thomas Broughton and his wife and three children, were also killed

at the same time. A few months afterwards a man by the name of Martin Smith was taken prisoner, and carried to Canada, but he returned in a few years.

The fort at Deerfield was again attacked on the 16th of September 1694, by Monsieur Castreen, and an Indian force under his command. The attack was unsuccessful, but a boy by the name of Daniel Severance was killed in the meadows, and two soldiers by the names of Beaumont and Richard Lyman were wounded in the fort. A school-mistress by the name of Mrs. Hannah Beaumont and her scholars were almost miraculously preserved. Being fired upon by the Indians as they ran from the house to the fort, the bullets whistled about their ears, but not one of them were in the least injured, although the Indians were very near them.

As Mr. Joseph Barnard and a party of our men were on their return from Hatfield on the 18th of August, 1695, they were attacked by a party of Indians who had concealed themselves beneath a bridge in the south meadows about two miles south of the street, on the road leading to the Bars.—Barnard himself was badly wounded in his body, and in both hands, and his horse was shot under him, and fell dead. Through the instrumentality and courage of Godfrey Nims, he was rescued from the enemy and brought to the fort at Deerfield, where he lived to the 6th of September, when he died greatly lamented. The oldest monument which we can now find (1837) in our old burying ground is erected to his memory, bearing date 1695. The bridge is still in the same situation across the brook where Mr. Barnard fell, as it was then, and it is called Indian bridge. On the 16th of September, 1696, as two men, by the names of Thomas Smead and John Gillet, were out from the fort hunting, up Green river, towards the north part of the present town of Greenfield, they were attacked, and Gillet was captivated by the Indians. Smead was so

fortunate as to make his escape. The Indians now made a rapid advance to the fort at Deerfield village, and took Mr. Daniel Belding and a son and daughter, by the names of Nathaniel and Esther. They also killed his wife and three children, and wounded two other children. They both recovered, although the son had his skull fractured by an Indian tomahawk, and a portion of brain issued from the ghastly wound. A wound of the brain has been thought by many to be absolutely fatal. This, and numerous other cases, shew that the opinion is not correct.*

In July, 1698, a man by the name of Nathaniel Pomroy was killed by the enemy, as he was out in pursuit of some Indians up the river, who had been committing depredations at Hatfield. Gen. Hoyt, in his *Antiquarian Researches* gives this account of the transaction:—"About the middle of July, a short time before sunset, a small party of Indians killed a man and boy in Hatfield meadows, on the banks of Connecticut river, and captured two lads, Samuel Dickinson, and one Charley; they put them on board of canoes and proceeded up the river. The intelligence being received at Deerfield, thirteen miles above, twelve men were detached to that place to intercept the Indians. Proceeding about twenty miles they selected a favorable spot on the right bank of the river, and lay till morning, when they discovered the Indians coming up near the opposite bank with the captured lads, in two canoes. Carefully marking their objects, the whole party gave the Indians an unexpected fire, by which one was wounded; the others, with one of the lads, leaped from the canoes and gained the shore; they then attempted to kill the lads, but receiving another well directed fire, they fell back, on which the lad on the shore joined his companion in the canoe, and both escaped across the river to their deliverers.

* See Appendix.

Five or six of the party then embarked with the design of seizing the other canoe, which at this time had lodged at an island a little below; two Indians who lay secreted not far distant, fired and killed Nathaniel Pomroy, one of the party. The Indians then retired into the woods, and the English returned to Deerfield. The place where this exploit happened, is a short distance above the mouth of Ashuelot river, where the Connecticut makes a remarkable flexure at the present town of Vernon, in Vermont."

In the year 1699, the town ordered the pickets round the old fort to be repaired. Heavy penalties were annexed for a non-fulfilment of these orders. These pickets were probably commenced by our people in King Philip's war which began about the year 1689. At the time the orders of the town were issued, they were considerably out of repair. At a time of savage warfare, and Indian incursions, these precautions were absolutely necessary. These pickets included about twenty acres, and the old house was inclosed near the northwest angle of them. Many dwelling houses were at the same time rudely fortified by being surrounded with cleft or round sticks of timber placed erect in the ground, and the walls were lined with bricks, which were considered to be musket proof, a very insecure mode of protection, even against savages.

On the 8th of October, 1703, two prisoners were taken from Deerfield, in the meadows, near Broughton's pond, at, or near the north end of the street, by the names of Zebediah Williams and John Nims, and carried to Canada. Nims escaped with some other prisoners, and after much fatigue and danger, returned to Deerfield—Williams died in Canada.

Let us now pause for a moment, and contrast our situation at the present day, with that of our unhappy ancestors, who have toiled and bled to transmit to us this rich inheritance, these beautiful domains. We are now in peace and

security, enjoying the blessings of rational liberty, and surrounded by all which can make life desirable. The country is densely inhabited; our roads are good, and intelligence can be conveyed to the remotest quarters in a short space of time. We are in no danger of invasion from a foreign or a domestic foe. We need no muskets to protect us while at labor in our fields; no guards to defend us during the silent watches of the night. The blood of our sons no longer fattens our corn-fields—no savage war-whoop awakens the sleep of our cradles. Our firesides are our altars, and we can enjoy them unmolested. How different was the case with our forefathers. The country was new; it was invested with savages thirsting for their blood. Their population was thin, confined to a few villages, and the inhabitants of these had as much as they could do to defend themselves from Indian barbarities. Few roads but bridle and foot-paths, and all attempts to convey information, and all calls for succor, tedious and slow, at the imminent hazard of an ambuscade or life. Self-preservation was the first and only law. It was unsafe to go into a neighbour's house, without a musket, much more into the field. Their houses were within the rude walls of a picketed fort—and almost the only communication between them was by means of passages under ground from cellar to cellar. Sentinels always guarded their houses by night. It was a state of continual jeopardy, and in the country of an implacable and vindictive savage foe. No succors could be received from government. Every thing depended upon individual exertion. Such was the situation of our fathers in this town on the eventful morning of the 29th of February, old style, 1704. Among the sufferers, and one who drank deeply of the bitter cup of affliction, was the Rev. Mr. Williams, who wrote a most interesting account of the affair in a work entitled, "The Redeemed Captive returning to Zion, or a faithful history of remarkable occurrences in the captivity

and deliverance of Mr. John Williams, Minister of the Gospel in Deerfield, who in the desolation which befel that plantation by an incursion of French and Indians, was by them carried away with his family and his neighborhood into Canada. Drawn up by himself." The work is dedicated to His Excellency, Joseph Dudley, Esq. Governor of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, March 3d, 1706—7, the efficient agent for redeeming him and his friends from savage bondage.

Just before break of day, on the morning of the 29th of February, 1704, the town was attacked by surprise, by two hundred French, and one hundred and forty-two Indians from Canada, under the command of Major Hertel De Rouville, aided by two brothers. At the time the attack was made the snow was four feet deep upon the ground.—The crust was sufficiently hard to bear the weight of men. At this time there was not a single settlement on the west side of the river between Deerfield and St. Johns in Canada. The attack was entirely unlooked for, and not guarded against. The sentinel was unfaithful, and had retired to rest. But few troops were stationed here at the time.—Some parts of the town were defended by high pickets, which extended round several acres, including many parts of the street. These were called the forts, but some of the dwelling houses were calculated for defence, and were built in the form of block-houses, with the walls filled with bricks, and considered proof against musket balls. The snow was drifted against the pickets, and the enemy entered in a body without difficulty. In detached parties they broke open houses, and murdered the unsuspecting inhabitants in their sleep. Fortunate indeed were those who escaped. The tomahawk and war-whoop were the precursors of death. A large party of Indians, as described by Mr. Williams, broke open his house which stood within the walls of the fort. He was in a profound sleep. The yells of the savages

awakened him. He sprang from his bed and running towards the door he perceived the enemy entering into his house. He called to awaken two soldiers who slept in the chamber above. Returning he snatched a pistol from his bed-tester, presented it toward the foremost Indian and snapped it. It fortunately missed fire, or he probably would have been murdered. He now expected to be immediately butchered, but his fortitude did not forsake him. The words of Isaiah xxxviii. 10, 11, occurred to him:—"I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave: I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living: I shall behold man no more, with the inhabitants of the world." The leader of the Indians who took him was a Captain; who was killed shortly after by a shot from a neighboring house. His house was now rifled of every valuable article, and two infant children and a black domestic were inhumanly murdered. His wife who was just recovering from the bed of confinement, and five children were taken prisoners. They then gave him liberty to put on his clothes, keeping one arm bound till he put them on the other, and then changed the cord till he had dressed himself, and then pinioned him again. They also gave the same liberty to his wife and children. At this time a Capt. Stoddard, who slept in the house that night, jumped from the chamber windows, while the Indians were rifling the house and securing their prisoners, and escaped across Deerfield river, where tearing his cloak which he had taken with him in pieces, he bound the shreds round his feet and reached Hatfield greatly exhausted. Upon Mr. Williams' leaving the town, they burnt his house and barn. The old house, which is still standing, was attacked with fury. This was the largest, strongest, and best in the village. The door was filled with nails and firmly bolted, and it resisted their efforts. They then cut the hole in it which is still to be

seen. Through this hole they pointed their guns, and killed the wife of Capt. John Sheldon, the owner of the house, who was dressing herself in her bed, in the corner of an adjoining room. This house is the pride of our village, as it recalls recollections pleasing though mournful to the soul. It annually attracts the attention of many strangers of distinction. Many bullet holes have been found in various parts of it, and in many of these holes the balls still remain and are to be seen. The Indians finally gained possession of the house, and kept it, together with the old meeting-house, as a depot for their prisoners, till they left the town.

This attack was sudden and furious, and much bravery was displayed in the defence; but the means were inadequate. Seven men, and a few women defended a house a few rods from the old one against the combined force, during the whole time of the engagement, and killed several of the enemy. Great efforts were made by them to carry the house, but they were all resolutely defeated. The women, with the intrepidity of Amazons were busily engaged in casting bullets for the supply of the defendants. The house unfortunately took fire after the Indians left the town with the prisoners, and was consumed. All resistance now ceased; all human efforts were unavailing.

Major De Rouville collected the prisoners and plundered and burnt the principal part of the houses, and commenced his march with them to Canada, about an hour after sun rise. I shall not attempt to portray the horrors of that dreadful scene. Language is inadequate to convey the realities of that heart-rending transaction, although they have been described in letters of blood.

On the retreat with the prisoners, the enemy were attacked in the meadows by a party of men from Hatfield, and some others who had received information from some of our men who had escaped from the massacre at the onset, and a sharp contest ensued, which compelled them to retire

with the loss of nine of their party. This engagement was near causing the death of all the captives. The bloody word was given by Rouville to tomahawk all the prisoners, but the messenger was killed before he conveyed his orders, and the French commander soon countermanded them.

The number of prisoners taken in this memorable and bloody action, was one hundred and twelve, including three Frenchmen, who resided here. The number of killed was forty seven whose bodies were deposited at the south side of our old burying-yard. (See Note A. in the Appendix.) The enemy lost about the same number. In April 1703—4, after this action, the town of Deerfield contained about 280 inhabitants.

It has been said that if the Indians had failed in their first attempt to carry the fort, they would have been compelled to have surrendered their whole army at discretion, for their stock of provisions was entirely exhausted, and to return would have been certain destruction, as there was no settlement until they reached Canada.

Gen. Hoyt observes:—"Soon after the action in the meadows, Rouville commenced his march to Canada. Most gloomy was the prospect of the captives; many were women; these under circumstances requiring the most tender treatment; some, young children, whose tender frames could not sustain the fatigues of a day; others, infants, who were to be carried in the arms of their parents, left on the snow, or knocked on the head with the tomahawk; and several of the adult males were badly wounded. Under these melancholy forebodings, others, no less appalling presented. The distance to Canada was not much less than three hundred miles through a country wild and waste; the ground deeply covered with snow; the weather cold and inclement, and what appeared impossible to surmount, provisions were to be procured on the route. At the commencement of the

march the murder of an infant was a prelude to the barbarities that were to be expected from the blood-thirsty Indians.

The prisoners, with Mr. Williams, were taken over the river to the west mountain where they were all assembled to the number of one hundred, nineteen of whom were afterwards murdered on the journey, and two starved to death in a time of scarcity of provisions among the savages, at a place called Coos, near Newbury in Vermont. Their own shoes were now taken away, and Indian ones given them instead, they being considered easier to travel in.



CHAPTER III.

Death of Mr. Williams' wife.—Sufferings of the Prisoners on the route through the wilderness.

AFTER this they went up the mountain west of the river, where they could behold the smouldering ruins of Deerfield, and before they proceeded any farther they killed an infant of one of the captives.

The first day's travel was tedious and slow. The savages had so much compassion upon the children of the prisoners as well as upon their own wounded as to carry them upon their shoulders thirty miles to Connecticut river, probably above Brattleborough, in Vermont. They also carried the children that were incapable of travelling in their arms and upon their shoulders. On the first night they dug away the snow, and made wigwams, and formed their beds of the small branches of the spruce tree. They here fed the prisoners who had but little appetite after the appalling scenes they had just passed through. Mr. Williams was pinioned and bound down that night, and every succeeding one that

he remained in the army. Some of the Indians who brought ardent spirits with them from the town, became intoxicated, and in their fury they killed his negro man, which was the only dead person he saw either in Deerfield or on the journey. On this night one of the prisoners escaped. Mr. Williams was sent for in the morning, and commanded by the general to tell the prisoners that if any more of them escaped they would burn the rest of them to death. His first master was unwilling to have him speak to any of the prisoners on their march. On the second day, however, he was put into the hands of another master, who allowed him to speak to his wife when he overtook her, and to walk with her and assist her in the journey. He comforted her with the assurance that they had a right to "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and God for their father and friend," and also told her that it was their duty to submit to the will of God with resignation. His wife now told him that her strength began to fail, and that he must soon expect to part with her, but she hoped that God would preserve his life, and the life of his children, whom under God, she commended to his care. In suitable language she justified God in what had happened, and spoke not a murmuring word as to what had befallen them. The enemy soon made a halt, and his principal surviving master placed him in the foremost ranks of the prisoners, and re-commenced their march. Here he bade adieu forever to the dear wife of his bosom, the "desire of his eyes," and the companion of his many joys and sorrows. Upon their separation they commended themselves to their Maker, and besought that grace of Him which would be sufficient to sustain them under the allotments of his Providence. After their separation, she spent the few remaining moments of her pilgrimage, as she had always been wont daily to do, in reading the holy Scriptures, which it seems the savages had allowed her to take with her. She had always been in

the habit of reading her Bible, of prayer and meditation in her closet every day, in addition to the services of family worship.

Mr. Williams and the rest of the prisoners were made to wade over a small river, in which the water was above knee deep and very swift. This was Green river, about five miles north-west of the present village of Greenfield, at a place called Country Farms, near the dividing line between Greenfield and Leyden. After that he had to travel up a small mountain, and his strength was nearly exhausted before he came to the top of it. He was now permitted to sit down, and to have his pack taken from his back. While he sat here pitying those who were behind, he intreated his master to let him go and help his wife. He inhumanly refused him, and would not let him move a foot from him. He inquired of the prisoners as they passed, concerning her, and they informed him that in passing the river she was overpowered by the stream, and plunged headlong into the water. She was not able to travel far after this. She had just arisen from a bed of sickness. At the foot of the mountain which Mr. Williams had just ascended, the inhuman and blood-thirsty Indian, who had the care of her, slew her with his tomahawk at a blow. This news was truly heart-rending to him, and yet the savages reproached him for a want of manhood in shedding tears on account of her cruel murder. Nothing but the belief that she was taken away in mercy from the evil to come, and "joined to the assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect, to rest in peace and joy unspeakable and full of glory," would have kept him and his children from sinking in despair at that time. That passage of Scripture, and some others, came forcibly to his mind at that time, and afforded him much consolation—"Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Shortly after this her body was found by a party of men from Deerfield, brought back and buried in the town burying ground, and the grave-stone containing the following inscription is still to be seen there. “Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Eunice Williams, the virtuous and desirable consort of the Rev. John Williams, and daughter of Rev. Eleazer and Mrs. Esther Mather of Northampton. She was born Aug. 2, 1664, and fell by the rage of the barbarous enemy, March 1, 1703—4.—Prov. xxxi. 28. Her children rise up and call her blessed.”

It may be proper in this place to mention the names of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Williams who were taken prisoners and carried to Canada at the time of the sacking of the town. They had in all eleven children. Three died in infancy. His eldest son, Eleazer was absent at the time of the destruction of the town, and consequently escaped the horrors of that dreadful scene. Two of their infant children were murdered before the commencement of their journey. Stephen, Samuel, and Warham were the sons, and Esther and Eunice the daughters who were carried captives to Canada.

When they were called upon to resume their march, it may well be supposed that a heavier load pressed upon Mr. Williams' spirits than upon his back. He prayed that the dear wife of his bosom might be found by his friends and receive christian burial, which prayer, it seems was granted. On this day's march the Indians killed a sucking child and a girl about eleven years of age. It was a night of deep affliction to him that so many of his flock should be thus inhumanly murdered, even at this short period since the destruction of the town, and at the prospect of so many more becoming the victims of unrelenting savage barbarity.

When they came to their place of rest for the night, one Indian sachem, or captain, from the eastward consulted with his master about killing and scalping him. He raised

his prayers to God and implored his protection in this time of tribulation, and afterwards told his master that if he intended to kill him, he requested that he would inform him of it, assuring him at the same time, after he had solemnly promised to protect him, that his death would bring upon him the guilt of innocent blood. This address had the desired effect, and he promised not to kill him. They then lay down and slept quietly under the protecting hand of God.

On the morning of the 2nd of March, they were all called before the sachems or leaders of the Macquas and Indians, and more equally distributed among them for the greater convenience of travelling. His best clothing was here taken from him. Here some of the prisoners informed him that they thought their enemies were going to burn him at the stake, as they had been observed to pull off the bark from several trees, and to conduct themselves in a very singular manner. He replied to them that they could do nothing without the permission of the Almighty, and that it was his opinion that he would prevent the enaction of such enormities. Several of the captives were here taken from their former masters, and exchanged into the hands of others. He was returned to the two masters who captivated him at his house.

On the third of March, being the fourth day of their journey they had proceeded no farther than the upper part of Brattleborough, about thirty miles from Deerfield. Here the enemy killed another of his neighbors, a woman who was near the period of travail, much fatigued with her journey. Here they constructed hand sleighs for the accommodation of the wounded, the children and baggage, and they were thus enabled to travel at a greater rate than they had heretofore done. There must have been something of a thaw at this time, for he travelled several hours in water up to his ankles, and towards night he became as lame as

if his ankles had been sprained, and he did not expect that he and several others would be able to hold out much longer. He, however, commended himself to God, beseeching him to remove his lameness, and assist him with his children and neighbors in bearing the fatigue of the journey, if he thought it best; if not, he desired him to be with him in the hour of death, and that he would provide for, and sustain his children and friends, and bless them. In a short time he was relieved of his lameness to his great joy, and that of his friends. On the 4th of March, Saturday, their journey was severe and tedious, and four of the women, became so tired that they were murdered by the savage Indians.

On the Sabbath, March 5th, they rested from their journey at the mouth of a river, which is named Williams, from him, and he was permitted to preach to the prisoners. The Indians requested them to "sing them one of Zion's songs," and some of them were about reviling them because they did not sing as loud as they did on similar occasions. So long as the Indians and Macquas remained together, they were allowed to preach and pray with one another, and animate and encourage each other in their bondage, but when they arrived at New France, (Canada) they were forbidden to associate with each other, or to preach and pray together.

The next day in the morning they were alarmed by the report of fire arms and many of the prisoners were bound. This was occasioned by some of the Indians shooting at some wild geese which were then migrating to the northern lakes. This must have been early in the season for their migrations, as they rarely, if ever leave the southern climes until there have been several warm days in the spring. By almost unerring instinct they seem to know the period when the northern lakes are unlocked, and they then resort to them in thousands. After the Indians under-

stood that they were not pursued by the English, they boasted that they would not come out after them as they had predicted in the morning. Two women who were faint and exhausted, were this day murdered.

The next day a Mrs. Mary Brooks, a pious and godly woman, came to Mr. Williams' wigwam and informed him that she wished to bless God for inclining her masters to let her come and bid him adieu forever. She had fallen on the ice the day before, by which she injured herself so much as to produce a miscarriage, so that she was not able to travel far. She observed:—"I know they will kill me to day," but also remarked that God had strengthened her for her last encounter with death, and mentioned several passages of scripture which presented themselves to her mind for her support. She said she was not afraid of death, as she could, through the grace of God cheerfully submit to his will. She requested him to pray to God that he would take her to himself. She was killed that day, according to her prediction.

The next day, March 8th, the parties were divided into small companies at the mouth of White river. Some of them with Mr. Williams followed up this river over the Green mountain. Another party with one of his children took a north-eastern direction and followed up the Connecticut. This latter party stopped some time at Coos meadows, which is now in the town of Newbury in Vermont. They tarried here some time for the purpose of procuring game, as they were entirely out of provisions. Not succeeding to their minds two of the prisoners, David Hoit, and Jacob Hix, actually died from starvation.

On the evening of this day, Mr. Williams' master came to him with the pistol in his hand which he snapped at him on the morning he was taken prisoner. He presented it to his breast, and told him he would kill him with it, inas-

much as he had attempted to do the same to him. He was not much alarmed, and the good providence of God protected him.

The next day, March 9th, he was allowed to pray with that portion of the prisoners who remained with them, and they sang a psalm together. After which he was taken from the rest of the prisoners, except two children, one of whom, a little girl of four years of age, was murdered by a Macqua the next morning, on account of the depth of snow being so great, after they left the river, that he could not carry her and his knapsack.

The next Sabbath, March 12th, all the Indians went out hunting, except one and a boy, who remained to guard him. While here, left to his reflections, his soul was exceedingly sorrowful to think that he was separated from the congregation of his people who were now worshipping in the sanctuary he had just been forced to leave, and he was almost ready to sink under the burthen of his affliction. But he found support in the following passages of scripture which presented themselves to his consideration. Psalms cxviii. 17, *praise* "I shall not die, but live; and declare the works of the Lord." Psal. xlii. 11. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I yet shall praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God," and Nehemiah i. 8, 9. These passages animated him to perseverance and hope, and though his children were left without the guidance and direction of their parents, yet he was led to the belief that he should see them again from the following passage. Jer. xlix. 11. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive and let thy widows trust in me." Nor were his hopes without some foundation in reality. His youngest daughter, of the age of seven years, was carried, probably on the backs of the Indians all the way to the end of their journey, and watched over with great care and tenderness.

His youngest son, but four years old, was several times wonderfully preserved from death. Although they were many times exceedingly fatigued with carrying him on their backs or drawing him on their sledges they still spared him, although tempted to kill him four several times. He finally reached Montreal where a French lady, taking compassion on him, purchased him of the savages. His son Samuel and his oldest daughter were drawn on sleighs, or sledges, when they were unable to travel. They suffered very much for want of provisions, probably near Coos where Hoit and Dix perished from hunger, and soon after another prisoner in that neighborhood. Stephen was brought into Shamblee about eight months afterwards.

Mr. Williams' master returned on the evening of the Sabbath, and informed him that he had killed five moose. The next day, March 13th, they were taken to the spot where he slew them. They tarried there three days, and roasted and dried the meat for their use on the journey. His master here made him a pair of snow-shoes. As the snow was very deep and rendered soft by thaws it would have been very difficult for him to travel without them. His pack being probably filled with the meat of the moose which had just been cured was very heavy, notwithstanding, by the aid of his snow-shoes, he was enabled to travel twenty-five miles the first day of wearing them; and as much farther by the afternoon of the next day, when they came to the French, or Onion river. He was here so tired that it seemed as if his bones were dislocated, and he was not able to travel with much speed. His master took his pack from him and drew his load upon the ice upon a sledge. His feet were so very sore every night that he wrung blood out of his stockings when he pulled them off. And before he wore his snow-shoes his shins were very sore, being cut by the crust upon the snow. He procured some oak-leaves upon the river bank, and applied them to the sores, which very

soon healed them. His master, it seems, was very kind to him, and always gave him the best he had to eat, and through the goodness of God he never suffered for the want of a meal of meat during his captivity, while many of his children and neighbours were nearly perishing with hunger, having for many days nothing but roots to eat, and these in stinted measure. His master also gave him part of a bible, and never disturbed him in reading it, or in praying to his God. The Indians were also very good to the other captives in this respect, allowing them bibles, psalm-books, &c. to use them as they pleased. After their arrival in Canada, every art was used to deprive them of them. Their bibles were taken from them by the French priests, and never afterwards given up to them.

Their march on the French, or Onion river was very tedious, for fearing a thaw they travelled at a great rate. His feet and limbs were so bruised by walking on snow-shoes that he thought it would be impossible for him to continue his journey. One morning before day-light his master came to him, and awakened him out of sleep, and told him he must arise, pray to God and eat his breakfast, for they had a great journey to perform that day. After prayer he arose from his knees, but his feet were so swollen and painful that he could scarcely stand without holding by the side of his wigwam. The Indians told him he must run to day, but he told them he could not. His master pointing to his tomahawk, told him he would then plunge it into his brain and scalp him. He replied that he supposed he would do it, but he could not travel fast on account of his bruises. He sent him away alone on the ice. His master soon overtook him and ordered him to run. He told him he could not, and he passed without farther notice, and for some time he scarcely saw him for the space of an hour. He travelled from before day-break till after dark, without ever stopping at noon to eat warm victuals, only eating on

the way some frozen meat which he had in his pocket. He conjectured that he travelled that day two of their day's journies, that is, as many as forty, or forty-five miles. He found his strength renovated the farther he travelled, and he was more able to proceed in the afternoon than in the fore part of the day.

When they entered on the lake the ice was very rough, and it hurt his sore feet very much to travel upon it. He prayed to God that he would provide for him some method of relief. He had not travelled more than half a mile before there fell upon the ice a moist snow, about an inch and a half deep which rendered the walking much more tolerable, and he was enabled soon to overtake his master. They then travelled about a day's journey from the lake to a small party of Indians who were there hunting. In their peculiar way they were kind to him, and gave him the best which their establishment afforded, such as moose-meat, ground nuts, and cranberries, but no bread. He had not tasted of that luxury for three weeks. After tarrying there awhile, and being obliged to cut wood, and suffering from vermin, being compelled to wear the lousy old clothes of soldiers, which they placed upon him, after having deprived him of his own, to sell to the French soldiers, they again commenced their march for Shamlee. They tarried two or three days at a branch of the lake, and feasted on wild-geese, which they killed there. After one more day's travel they came to a river where the ice was thawed out, and in one day made a canoe of elm-bark. They arrived on Saturday about noon, probably March 25th, at Shamlee, a small village, where there was a garrison and fort manned with French soldiers.

CHAPTER IV.

From Shamblee to Quebec.—Arts of the Jesuits.—Mr. Williams redeemed by Gov. De Vaudreuil.—Finds some of his children and has an interview with them.

SHAMBLEE is about fifteen miles from Montreal. Here he received kind treatment from the French, and a gentleman invited him to his house, and the hospitalities of his table, and at night furnished him with lodgings upon a good feather bed, a luxury of which he had been deprived for a great length of time, even in a climate which was then almost Siberian. During the time he tarried there all the officers and inhabitants treated him very politely, and promised to write to the Governor of Canada, and inform him of his passage down the river. Here he saw a young man and a girl from Deerfield who told him that the greatest part of the captives had arrived, and that two of his children were at Montreal. As they were journeying along the river towards Sorel, they went into a house where they found a woman from Deerfield, who had been left there to be conveyed to the Indian fort. The French treated her kindly, as well as Mr. Williams, and gave them the best provisions which the house afforded. She went on board the boat with them to go down to the fort at St. Francois. At the first inhabited house they came to at Sorel, a French woman came to them, and requested them to go her house. Upon entering it, she took compassion upon them, and informed them that during the last war she had been a prisoner among the Indians, and that she knew how to feel for them in their distressed situation. She gave the Indians some food in the chimney corner, but spread a cloth upon a table for Mr.

Williams and his party, with clean napkins. This gave the Indians great offence. It certainly was an unwise step on the part of the lady. The Indians hastened away and would not call at the fort. Whenever they entered into the French houses, they uniformly treated them courteously. On their arrival at the river St. Francois, they found it obstructed by ice. Upon entering the house of a Frenchman, he gave them a loaf of bread, and some fish to carry away with them. They passed down the river till night, where seven of them feasted upon a fish called a bull-head or pout, (*Silurus felis*?) and did not eat the whole of it.

The next morning, owing to the quantities of floating ice in the river, they were obliged to leave their canoe, and travel by land. They called at the house of a French officer who took them into a private room, away from the Indians and treated them very courteously. They arrived that evening at fort St. Francois. There they found several children who, the summer before, had been captured at the eastward. In their habits they had become like the Indians, and they were very much affected at their appearance. Two Jesuits lived at this fort, one of whom was afterwards made a superior of the Jesuits at Quebec. One of them met Mr. Williams at the gate and asked him to go into the church and render thanks unto God for preserving his life. He told him he could do that in some other place. When the bell rang for evening prayers he ordered him to go, but he still refused. The Jesuit went to their wigwam and made a short prayer, and invited him to sup with him. He justified the Indians in their proceedings against the English, relating some things said to have been done by Maj. Walden (Waldron?) more than thirty years ago. He stated that this was a just retaliation, and blamed the English for commencing the war against the Indians, and further stated that they had barbarously and inhumanly burnt and killed many Indians both before and during the last winter. Mr.

Williams replied to him that the Indians had in a most perfidious manner murdered many of our inhabitants after having signed a treaty of peace, and as to English cruelties, he knew they were false, as they never approved of such acts of inhumanity. The Jesuit stated that the cause of the war was an Englishman's killing one of Casteen's relations, for in a general council of the nation it had been determined not to engage in war on either side until they themselves were first encroached upon, when they would all engage against those who first molested them. And after Casteen's kinsman was slain, a messenger was despatched to Canada to inform the Macquas and Indians that the English had commenced hostilities. They immediately rallied their forces, and joined with the French, and proceeded to New-England. On their march thither they were informed by some eastern Indians that satisfaction had been made for that murder, by the English, and that peace had been concluded with them. The Macquas told them that this event had come too late, that they had now come down as they were sent to attack the English, and that they would also attack them if they dared, without their consent to make peace with the English. He also said that a letter was shewn them from the Governor of Port Royal, which was taken on board of an English ship, from the Queen of England to the English Governor, stating that she approved of the design to ensnare and captivate the Indians in a deceitful manner. Being enraged at that letter, they were forced, as it were, to commence the present war. Mr. Williams told him that "the letter was a lie, forged by the French."

At the ringing of the bell, next morning, his master ordered him to go to church, and he refused. He threatened him and went away in a great passion. At noon the Jesuit sent for him to dine with him, for he always ate with them while he remained at the fort. After dinner they told him

that the Indians would not allow any of the prisoners to remain in their wigwams while they were at church; and they informed him that even force and violence would be resorted to, to compel them to attend their meetings, if they would not go without. Mr. Williams in a truly liberal spirit replied that it would be unjust and unreasonable in the extreme to force them to be present at a service which they abhorred, and which in his opinion, was altogether unbecoming the letter and spirit of christianity. They observed that they were savages and would not be crossed in their determinations, nor would they listen to reason, and stated that if they were in New-England, they would attend our churches and witness our modes of worship. They also observed that the Indians were determined to have him attend their church, and would not be pacified without he complied.

At the next Mass his master ordered him to go to church, and upon his objecting, he seized him by his head and shoulders, and forced him from the wigwam to the church, which was close by. He went in and sat down behind the door, and instead of gospel order, he beheld much discord and confusion. One of the Jesuits was at the altar saying mass in language unknown to the savages; another between the altar and the door, singing and praying among the Indians at the same time, and others were repeating their paternosters and Ave Maria's from their beads. When they left the church he smiled at their ceremonies which displeased them, for they thought he derided their worship. Soon after the Jesuits asked him how he liked their mode of worship. He told them, as in the language of Christ, Mark viii. 7, 8, 9—'Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups, and many other such like things ye do. And he said unto them, full

well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition." They observed they were not the commandments of men but traditions of the Apostles, equal in authority with the Bible, and stated that he would repent his not praying to the Virgin Mary for her intercession with her Son for him, and condemned him to hell for asserting that the Scriptures were a perfect rule of faith. He told them that it was his comfort that Christ was to be his judge, and not they, at the great day.

One day a squaw named Ruth, who had been taken prisoner in Philip's war, who had lived at Weathersfield, and who could speak the English language tolerably well, and who had formerly been at Mr. Williams' house, being now a convert to the Romish faith, came to his wigwam with her English maid, dressed in the Indian manner. This maid was taken in the last war, but was unable to speak a word of the English language, nor could she tell her own name, nor the name of the place where she was captivated. These women had a long conversation with his master in the Indian language. He soon after ordered him to cross himself. He told him he would not, and persisted in it, though commanded several times. Ruth was quite indignant to think he would not obey his master, referring to that text of scripture which says:—"Servants, obey your masters." He replied that he should not disobey God for the sake of obeying any earthly master. This was interpreted by her to his master, who took hold of Mr. Williams' hand and forced him to cross himself, but he struggled, and would not suffer him to guide his hand. He then ordered him to kiss a crucifix which he pulled off from his neck, but he repeatedly refused to do it. His master then told him that he would knock his brains out with his tomahawk if he refused. He told him that he should prefer death to sinning against God. The Indian then seized his tomahawk and made a

violent shew of attacking him with it. Mr. Williams remained undaunted, when he threw down the hatchet, at the same time threatening to bite off all his nails if he still refused. He gave him his hand and told him he might proceed. He grasped his thumb with violence between his teeth and said:—"No good minister, no love God, as bad as the Devil," and he let him go, nor did he ever afterwards attempt to molest him in his religious opinions. He asked permission of the Jesuit to pray with the prisoners from Deerfield, that were with him, but they absolutely refused him, and tried every means in their power to prevent their coming together.

A few days after this, Governor De Vaudreuil despatched two men with letters to the Jesuits, requesting them to order Mr. Williams' being sent to him at Montreal. Upon receiving this request, one of the Jesuits with his two masters, took him, with two others from Deerfield, a man and his daughter, seven years of age, along with them. Upon their arrival at the lake, the wind was very boisterous, and they were afraid to go over, and said they would wait and see whether it would lull, or change. Mr. Williams went into the woods, and offered up a petition to God, that the winds might be propitious, and that he might be enabled soon to see his children and neighbors, and learn something concerning their situation. On his return the winds were more boisterous, and so a second and third time. The Jesuit and his master advised them to return to the fort, for such winds frequently continued three days, and some times six. After it had continued as much as six hours, he said to them:—"The will of the Lord be done," and they launched the canoe into the river. This was no sooner done than the wind calmed, and by the time they got into the middle of the river, the gale had so far subsided that they were enabled afterwards to pass the lake

in safety. After they had got over the lake, wherever they went, the French always treated them with respect and compassion.

AT MONTREAL. When he arrived at Montreal, on Tuesday, April 25th, eight weeks after he was captivated, Governor De Vaudreuil redeemed him from the Indians, gave him good articles of clothing, of which he was very much in need, fed him at his own table, and furnished him with a good chamber. In short, he was generous, courteous, and polite to him. He sent for two of his children who were there in the city, and promised to do all that lay in his power towards redeeming his other children and neighbors from the hands of the savages. His change of diet was such at this time as to cause considerable alteration in his bodily appearance, and brought on a slight sickness for which he was bled and physicked, and treated with great tenderness. The Governor also purchased his eldest daughter of the Indians. She was conveyed to the hospital and carefully treated until she recovered from a lameness which she contracted on the journey. His youngest daughter was also redeemed by a lady in the city who purchased her of the Indians as they passed by. The Indians after conversing with the priests as they passed the fort, tried to re-purchase her of the lady, and offered her a man for the child, stating that the man was a weaver and might be of service to her in the undertaking of the making of cloth, in which she was then about engaging, while the child would be unprofitable to her. She would not accede to their terms, which was very fortunate for Mr. Williams, for had they obtained her, she would have remained among them at the fort, as the other children did. The Governor instructed certain of his officers to obtain the rest of his children of the Indians, and as many of his neighbors as they could. A merchant living in the city procured his eldest son after about six weeks, and took him home to live with him. He had difficulty in per-

suading the savages to part with him. An Indian, by the name of Sagamore George, of Penacook, called upon him from Coos, and informed him that his son Stephen was near that place. Some money was put into his hands to redeem him, and a promise of more if he was successful. He proved treacherous and unfaithful, and he did not see his son for more than a year. The Governor commanded a priest to accompany him to the Macquas to see his youngest daughter Eunice, and endeavor to procure her release. He went with him and was very courteous to him, and from his parish near the fort of the Macquas, he wrote a letter to the Jesuit, and requested him to send his child to him, and also to request his master to accompany her. The Jesuit returned an answer that he should not be permitted to see or speak with his child, and "that the Macquas would as soon part with their hearts as with his child." The Governor was enraged when Mr. Williams shewed him this letter, and he assured him that he should both see and speak with his child, and that he would use all his endeavors to redeem her. He accordingly instructed the Jesuits to use their influence with the Indians for procuring the child, and in a few days accompanied Mr. Williams in person to the fort. When his child was brought into the room where he was, he had liberty granted to him to speak to her, but to no other English person there. She was about seven years of age. They conversed together about an hour. She remembered her catechism, and had not forgotten how to read. She was very anxious to be redeemed from the Macquas, and was unhappy in her captivity. She moaned over the profanation of the Sabbath, stating that she thought a few days before they were mocking the devil, and one of the Jesuits stood watching them. Her father told her that she must pray to God to direct her. She said that she did as far as she knew how, and that God assisted her, but she observed they forced her to pray in Latin, which she did not

understand, and which she hoped would do her no harm. He told her that she must not forget her catechism, and those portions of Scripture which she had learnt. Some of the prisoners afterwards informed him that she told them that she remembered almost every word he said to her, and that she was very fearful that she should forget her catechism, having no one to instruct her. A few days after this he saw her for a few moments in the city, and gave her the best advice he could. The Governor used every effort to redeem her for him, and at one time he had the promise of her if he would procure for them an Indian girl in her stead. He sent several hundred miles and procured one, but the Indians would not adhere to their bargain. He also offered them one hundred pieces of eight for her release. Still they refused to give her up. The Governor's lady also visited them, and used all the arts she was mistress of to induce them to part with her, but all in vain. At the time Mr. Williams was redeemed, she was left among the Indians, and no money could procure her redemption. She soon forgot the English language, became an Indian in her habits, married an Indian, who assumed the name of Williams, and had several children by him. Some years after this she visited Deerfield in her Indian dress. She attended meeting in her father's church while here, and her friends dressed her in the English fashion. She indignantly threw off her clothes in the afternoon and resumed the Indian blanket. Every effort was used to persuade her to leave the Indians, and remain among her relations, but in vain. She preferred the mode of life, and the haunts of the Indians, to the unutterable grief of Mr. Williams and her friends.*

Her descendants have frequently visited Deerfield since, and claimed a relationship with the family and descendants

* See Appendix.

of Mr. Williams, and been kindly treated by them. Mr. Eleazer Williams, one of her grandsons, was educated at Dartmouth College, by the munificence of his friends, in New-England, studied divinity, and was a short time since, preaching at Green Bay on lake Michigan.

As Mr. Williams was passing from the fort where he had just had a conversation with his daughter, he saw some of his Deerfield friends, who were very anxious to speak to him, and the Indians granted their request, but the Jesuits forced him along, and only allowed him to tell them in a low voice, that some of their relations, concerning whom they inquired were in the city, and well.

On his return to the city he was dispirited, for he was not allowed to pray, even with the captives who resided in the same house, and the prisoners who came to visit him, were thrust back by the guard at the door, and not allowed to speak to him. The guard were so strict that he was hardly allowed to go out on necessary occasions. Whenever he went to the city, a privilege which the Governor always allowed him, when he requested it, he was watched by spies to see whether he spoke to the English. He told some of them that they must recollect former instructions, and for a while keep at a greater distance, believing that he should have more liberty in a short time, for conversing with them. On a Sabbath day some spies observing more than three of them together, which number they were not to exceed, immediately informed the priest of it. The next day the priest reminded him that he had transgressed their orders, and told him that he had spoken disrespectfully concerning their religion. He requested of the Governor that no forcible means might be used with the prisoners respecting their religion, which he by no means allowed of.

When he first arrived at Montreal, the Governor told him that he should be sent home as soon as a man by the name of Captain Battis was returned, and not before, and that

he was captivated to procure his release. The Governor seemed always to sympathize in his sorrows, and appeared to be willing to have him see his children. Mr. Williams one day informed him of his desire of walking in the city. He cheerfully consented, and his eldest son accompanied him to the door, when he saw the guard stop him. He informed his father, who came to the door, and inquired why they prevented the gentleman from passing out? They informed him that they were ordered to do so. The Governor, in an angry voice assured them that his orders were not to be disobeyed. Shortly after, Mr. Williams was ordered to Quebec. Among other things, to shew that the Governor's orders were not always regarded, when he had been at Montreal two days, he requested leave of the priest to visit his youngest child, who replied that when he wished it he would bring it to him, but that the Governor was not willing that he should go to see it. Not many days after, while at dinner, the Governor's lady seeing him depressed in spirits, spoke to an officer in Latin, that he should go with them and see his two children. After dinner he was carried to see them. At the house he found three or four English prisoners, who resided there, and he was permitted to converse with them. Not long after this, she invited him to visit the hospital with her to see some of his neighbors who were sick there.

One of the Jesuits called upon the Governor and informed him in presence of the rest of the company, "that he never saw such persons as were taken from Deerfield," that the Macquas would not allow the prisoners to remain in their wigwams while they were attending mass; they always took them to church, but they could not prevail upon them to kneel in prayer, but they did this immediately upon their return to their wigwams. He also stated that they could do nothing with the adults, and that they often prevented children from complying with their modes of worship.

At this place Mr. Williams noticed that they were very much elated at the return of Capt. Montining from Northampton with information of the success of the French and Indians against New-England. As they had sent out an army of seven hundred men, two hundred of whom were French, accompanied by several Jesuits, they threatened that they would destroy all the settlements on Connecticut river. As their General was a man of undaunted bravery, the superior of the priests told Mr. Williams that he had no doubt that their efforts would be successful, and they must not flatter themselves with a very short captivity. Their designs were frustrated, and the expedition proved abortive.

Mr. Williams was sent to Quebec with Gov. De Ramsey, of Montreal, and the superior of the Jesuits, and directed to live with one of the council, from whom, during seven weeks, he received many favors.. He informed him that it was the act of the priest in sending him here before the arrival of the Governor, and that if he called frequently upon the prisoners, or they upon him, he would certainly be sent to some place where he could not hold converse with them.



CHAPTER V.

Arrival at Quebec.—Governor Dudley's son arrives in Canada, and treats for the ransom of some of the prisoners.—Mr. Williams corresponds with his son Samuel upon the subject of his renouncing the Protestant religion.

AFTER Mr. Williams came to Quebec, he was treated very civilly by the Jesuits to his face, but they reviled him behind his back, and wrote doggerel poetry concerning him

and his captivity, which they ordered their people to translate into French, and hawk about the streets. This gave him very little trouble or uneasiness. It merely shewed their disposition.

On a Sabbath day morning he observed many signs of rain, such as a great mist upon the stones and jambs of the hearth and chimney. On that day he was invited to dine with the Jesuits, and as he was passing to their house, it began to rain. The superior told him that they had that morning been praying for rain, and that their prayers were now heard. In the afternoon there was a general procession of Jesuits, priests, friars, and common people, carrying in great pomp, what they called a holy relic, one of the bones of St. Paul. On his visiting the superior the next day at dinner, they boasted of the plentiful rain which followed their procession. He gives numerous other instances of their absurd superstition. The Jesuits told him that it was a wonderful act of mercy that so many of their children were brought to them, inasmuch as they were not speedily to be redeemed, they were in hopes that they should be able to bring them over to the Roman Catholic faith. Those children of the English who were born among them, they would baptize without the consent of their parents. A Jesuit asked him whether all the prisoners at Loret, near Quebec, were baptized, and upon his informing him that they were, he said that he intended to baptize them, fearing that they might die and be damned, for the want of baptism, and he farther said that when the expedition set out against Deerfield, he directed them to baptize all the children before they killed them, so eager was his desire to have them saved from eternal perdition, although they were his enemies.

He was invited one day to dine with a person of consequence, when it was proposed to him that if he would stay among them and embrace their religion, they would procure for him annually a great and honorable pension from

the king, and that his children might all remain with him, and have an honorable maintenance. He spurned at the proposal.

At Chateauviche, fifteen miles below Quebec, he met a gentleman, who in the presence of an old Bishop and a priest, offered him his house and whole living, with high assurances of dignity and honor if he would embrace their religion. He told them that "he had an indignation of soul against such offers on such terms as parting with what was more valuable than all the world." He was often told that he might have all his children, if he would comply, and that he could never have them on any other terms. He was still resolute and determined not to deny what he believed to be Christ and his truths, even for his children, although they were dearer to him than every thing else on earth.

On the 24th of October, 1704, he received letters from New-England, giving him an account of the inhabitants who had escaped the massacre at the sacking of the town of Deerfield, and stating that the remains of his beloved wife were found and decently interred, and that his eldest son, Eleazer, was charitably provided with funds, and had entered Harvard College. This was indeed joyful news to one who had been absent and a prisoner among barbarians for six months, and had not once heard from home before, and drew forth prayers and thanksgiving to God. This was indeed a consolation, but one in the midst of afflictions, for the fact that such crafty means were resorted to, for the purpose of inveigling young people into the meshes of Romish superstition was extremely trying to his feelings. Sometimes they would tell him that his children and his neighbors had become catholics. Some were wrought upon by flatteries and promises, and some by threatening and abuse to bring them to their faith. Some they managed to have them marry among them. All these things operated powerfully upon his mind, and in his solitary musings, he

drew up a little poem entitled:—"Some Reflections of the poor and desolate state of the Church in Deerfield." This poem may be found in the Redeemed Captive, and is not without merit.

Some of the prisoners were at this time disheartened, and thought they were forgotten by their friends. He endeavored to persuade them that this was not the case, but that many prayers were continually ascending to heaven for them. (Soon after this, letters were received from the Governor of Massachusetts, by the Governor of Canada, relating to an exchange of prisoners, by the hands of Captain Livingston and Mr. Sheldon, which greatly revived their drooping spirits. These frequent negotiations between New-England and Canada, encouraged the captives, and, in some measure frustrated the designs of the papists in making proselytes. But the time of their deliverance was not yet arrived, and the trials of some of the prisoners were even increased, and some of them were greatly abused because they would not comply with their superstitious ceremonies. A young woman from Deerfield was insulted by a Frenchman who came into the room where she was, and thrust his beads into her face. She knocked them out of his hands, for which she was severely castigated, threatened with death, and imprisoned for several days.

Mr. Williams now implored Captain Beauville, who had ever been particularly friendly to him, to use his efforts with the Governor for the restoration of his eldest daughter, and for the purchase of his son Stephen from the Indians at the fort of St. Francois, and for the privilege of going to see his children and neighbors at Montreal. Divine providence interposed in their behalf, and five of the prisoners, among whom were his eldest daughter, were redeemed and sent home to Deerfield with Capt. Livingston, and his son Stephen was also redeemed and sent to reside with him. When he arrived, he was almost naked, and

very much emaciated, having suffered greatly among the Indians. One of the Jesuits was in the habit of going to his wigwam, and whipping him on account of the complaint which two squaws had entered against him that he did not work enough for them. His petition for visiting his children at Montreal was denied, as was also a former request of visiting the city before the arrival of Capt. Livingston. He was, however, much gratified in having one of his children with him for the space of four months, and the prisoners were much encouraged with the hope that the treaties between the governments would eventuate in their deliverance. (In the month of August, Mr. Dudley and Captain Vetch arrived with animating prospects that an exchange of prisoners might be expected in the spring. A few of them were sent home by them, and among the rest was his son Stephen.

At the request of Mr. Dudley and Capt. Vetch, Mr. Williams was permitted to go to Quebec, but disputing with a mendicant friar, who had just arrived at Canada, as he said, for the purpose of converting the English at Quebec, he was, through the interference of the priests, ordered to return to Chateauviche, for no other reason than that he had conversed with that priest, and a fear that he might thwart him in his designs among the prisoners. But he says that God punished them for their persecutions, for on the next day, October 1st, their seminary, a fine building, was burnt down in consequence of the workmen dropping a coal of fire among the shavings, together with the library, the chapel, &c. This seminary, and another library, had been burnt previously, about three years before.

Just before the arrival of Mr. Dudley, a soldier came to his place of residence, barefooted, and bare legged, who had just commenced a pilgrimage to St. Anne. The soldier told Mr. Williams that his Captain, who had been dead several years, made his appearance to him, and told him he

was in purgatory, and that he must go to St. Anne on a pilgrimage, and procure a mass to be said for him, and that he should then be restored. Many people believed this story, and tried to convince Mr. Williams of the truth of it. The priests advised the soldier to go and call on him on the way. He laughed at the folly of sending him on such an errand, and they were very much offended with him. It appears, however, that several, even among the French themselves, had little faith in the soldier's conversion, and he heard but little more about getting the Captain out of purgatory.

One of the people where he lived stated to him, that in July, 1705, while he was at a meeting of the mendicant friars at Quebec in honor of one of the great saints, at five o'clock in the morning, near two hundred people being present, a *great grey cat* burst through the window, entered the church, passed along the altar, and put out five or six burning candles, and nobody could tell how the cat went out, and he thought it was the devil.

When he was at the city of Quebec in September, he saw two English maids, who had resided among the Indians for some time. They informed him that an Indian had died at the place where they had resided, and that when his relations had assembled to attend his funeral, the dead Indian arose and told them, that after he died he went to hell, and saw in the bottomless pit all the Indians who had died since they embraced the catholic religion, and he advised those who were present to abandon that system of religion or they would be damned likewise, and then immediately laid down again a breathless corpse. At this the Indians were very much alarmed. But the Jesuits told them that this was all a delusion of the devil, and that he certainly knew that all the Indians who had been spoken of by the deceased, were in heaven, with the exception of an old squaw who died before she was baptized. These maids

stated that many of the Indians regretted their having made war upon the English at the instigation of the French.

After Mr. Dudley's departure from Canada, the priests were extremely active in gaining proselytes among the prisoners, believing that the time for so doing was now short. Mr. Williams, also renewed his diligence in trying by letters to induce them to remain firm in the principles of the protestant faith. But most of his letters upon religious topics were intercepted and burnt. He had a letter from the Governor giving him liberty to write to his children and friends, provided that he would say nothing upon the debated subject of their religious principles, but if he violated these orders, they should endeavor to prevent his letters being delivered, which, in many instances, was put into execution. Sometimes they would inform the prisoners that their letters were burnt, which had this good effect, they believed they were destroyed because they condemned the popish religion, and they were thereby induced more firmly to adhere to their own system. Many of the letters which were written to the prisoners from New-England were never delivered to them because they contained observations on the subject of religion. After Mr. Dudley's return, some were offered large rewards to embrace their religion, and some were severely beaten because they would not do it. Two English women who would not embrace their system were taken sick and placed in the hospital. The priests remained with them continually day and night until they died, and would not allow their friends to visit them. After their death they stated that they had embraced the Romish faith, and were admitted to their communion. Masses were said for them before their death, and they were buried in their church-yard with all their formalities. Soon after this, letters were sent to the prisoners in various parts, stating to them that these women had embraced the catholic faith, and that it could not be possible for any body to

be more obstinate against this system than they were, yet on their death-beds they embraced it. Mr. Williams afterwards stated the grounds he had for believing that these stories were untrue.

He was informed that an English girl was ordered by them to take their cross and wear it and cross herself. On her refusal they threatened her, and presented the cross to her. She had her choice either to accept of their cross or be whipt. She preferred the latter. They partly stript her very indecently, and threatened to put their designs into execution, but finding her resolute they desisted, and forced the cross around her neck. Some were confined among the nuns, and great efforts were used to bring them to the faith.

He received a letter from one of his neighbors which thus recounts the manner in which he was treated :—

“I obtained leave of my master to go to the Macqua fort to see my children that I had not seen for a long time; I carried a letter from my master to shew that I had leave to come. When I came to the fort, I heard that one of my children was in the woods. I went to see a boy I had there who lived with one of the Jesuits; I just asked him of his welfare, he said his master would come presently, he durst not stay to speak with me now, being in such awe of his master. On which I withdrew, and when his master came in, I went and asked leave of him to speak with my child, and shewed him the letter, but he absolutely refused to let me see or speak with him, and said I had brought no letter from the Governor, and he could not permit me to stay in the fort, though I had travelled on foot near fifty miles for no other errand than to see and speak with my children.”

The same person with another Englishman obtained permission of the Governor-General at another time to go to the fort on the same business, and carried with him a letter

to the Jesuits, that he might have the privilege of seeing his children. This letter was delivered to the Jesuits who informed him that his son was not at home, but had gone out hunting; notwithstanding he was purposely concealed from him and he was not permitted to see him.

These men on their return to Montreal, say that a person by the name of Leland was appointed a spy to watch the motions of the English, and he states that one of the Jesuits told the Governor that the lad had gone out hunting, and that the Englishman who accompanied the father of the children, went into the woods under an expectation of finding the child, but that he ran away and refused to stop until he presented a gun towards him and threatened to shoot him, when he returned to him. Leland further observed that they never would cease from going to see their children till some of them were killed. The men told him that this was untrue, for they never had seen the child, nor did they go into the woods in pursuit of him. They thought this was stated to the Governor to prevent him from granting liberty to any others, to visit their children and friends. Some of the prisoners said that they had been almost absolutely promised to have their children returned to them, provided they would embrace the popish religion. And the priests declared that they should prefer to have their children remain among the Indians than to have them brought away by the French, that they might be in readiness to return to their native land.

A maid from Deerfield was placed in a nunnery for more than two years, and flatteries and entreaties, threatening and abuse were used to induce her to become a proselyte. They tendered money to her which she refused. They commanded her to cross herself, and when she refused they boxed her ears. They then brought a rod with six branches full of knots, and struck her upon the hands so frequently with it that they were excessively swollen from the blows.

They pinched her arms till they were black and blue, and forced her to go into the church, and while here, because she refused to cross herself, they struck her in the face several times with their hands. A squaw was now sent in who told her that she was ordered to carry her to the Indians, but on her refusing to go, she said she would come with her husband on the morrow, and carry her away by force. She took comfort from the assurance that Mr. Williams gave her, that their threatenings were merely intended to frighten her, and that they never intended to give her away to the Indians. The nuns told her that she would not be permitted any more to hold conversation with the English, and that they would still continue to persecute her and give her no rest till she complied with their demands.

Mr. Williams mentions that a volume might be written giving accounts of their children and young people, who were most shamefully abused by them after their separation from their friends, and of the ungodly means which were made use of to convert them to popery.

One of his own children, a lad between fifteen and sixteen years of age, much to his disappointment and regret, was kept at a distance of two hundred miles from him. He durst not write to his father, fearing that whatever he might say concerning religion, might be discovered, and he be severely punished. They threatened to place him in the hands of the Indians if he would not become a convert, and told him that he had never been purchased of the Indians. Whole days were spent by the priests in endeavoring to convert him. They sent him to school in order to have him read and write the French language. His instructor often promised him great rewards if he would cross himself, and threatened him with punishment if he would not. When he found these were of no avail he actually struck him with a stick which he held in his hand, and then forced him to fall down upon his knees and there to remain an hour, and

afterwards commanded him to cross himself. He still refused. After which he gave him two severe blows with a whip which had three branches and twelve large knots tied in it. He then again ordered him to cross himself, and told him that if it was any sin to do so, he would bear it himself; and observed that he must not fear any change by crossing himself, that his fingers could not be altered. After he had abused him in such a manner as to compel him to shed tears, he told him, "he would have it done." From absolute compulsion he made the signs, which he continued to do under the same precautions for several days in succession. His instructor afterwards told him he must cross himself without compulsion. One day when he had forgotten to do it he again ordered him to fall on his knees, and he forced him to remain there an hour and a half, and continued the same punishment for the space of a week. This not succeeding, he again resorted to the whip, which frightened him into a compliance. He then commanded him to go to church, and upon his refusing, he said "he would make him." Accordingly one morning he sent four of the stoutest boys in school to force him to the mass. All these severities were used to convert him to their religion, and Mr. Williams knew nothing about it. The fear of his son was such that he durst not mention any of these things by letters lest they should be intercepted, and he again forced back into the hands of the Indians. Mr. Williams soon had an opportunity to forward a letter to him by one of his neighbors, and by that neighbor he received a letter purporting to be from his son, which was as follows:—

Honored Father,

I have received your letter bearing date Jan'y 11th, 1705—6, for which I give you many thanks with my duty, and my brother's. I am sorry you have not received all the letters I have wrote to you, as I have not received all yours. According to your good counsel, I do

almost every day read something of the bible and so strengthen my faith. As to the captives newly brought, Lancaster is the place of two of them, and Marlborough that of the third; the Governor of Montreal has them all three. There is other news that will seem more strange to you: That two English women, who, in their life time, were dreadfully set against the catholic religion, did, on their death-bed, embrace it. The one, Abigail Turbet; the other of them, Esther Jones, both of them known to you. Abigail Turbet sent for Mr. Meriel the Sabbath before she died and said many a time upon several following days, that she committed her soul into his hands, and was ready to do whatever he pleased. She desired him to go to the chapel St. Anne, and there to say a holy mass for her, that she might have her sins pardoned, and the will of the Lord accomplished upon her. Her cousin Mrs. Badston, now Stilson, asked her whether she should be willing to do as she said? She answered, yes. And upon the Tuesday, she was taken into the catholic Church in the presence of John Leland and Madam Grizalem, an English woman, and Mrs. Stilson also, and many French people besides. She was anointed with oil on the same day, according to her will then. Upon the Wednesday following an image of Christ crucified, was brought to her; she caused it to be set over against her at the curtains of her bed, and looked continually upon the same; and also a little crucifix was brought unto her, she took it and kissed it, and laid it upon her stomach. She did also make the sign of the cross upon herself, when she took any meat or drink. She promised to God that if she should recover, she would go to the mass every day. She having on her hand a crucifix, said, "Oh, my Lord, that I should have known thee so late!" She did also make a prayer to the virgin Mary, the two last days of the week. She could utter no word, but by kissing the crucifix, and endeavoring to cross herself, she gave an evi-

dence of her faith. She died Saturday, the 24th of November, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The next day the priests did commend the woman's soul to the prayers of the congregation in the mass. In the afternoon she was honorably buried in the church yard next to the church close to the body of the Justice Pese's wife, all the people being present at her funeral. The same day in the evening, Mr. Meriel, with an English woman, went to Esther Jones; she did at first disdain, but a little while after she confessed there were seven sacraments, Christ's body present, the sacrament of the mass, the inequality of power among the pastors of the church; and being returned to wait by her all night long, he read and expounded to her some part of the Catholic confession of faith to her satisfaction. About midnight she asked whether she might not confess her sins? I doubt not but I may, said she. And two hours after she made unto him fervent confession of all the sins of her whole life. When he said he was to offer Christ to his Father for her, she liked it very well. The superior of the Nuns being come to see her, she now desired that she might receive Christ's body before she died. She did also shew Mrs. Stilson a great mind to receive the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and said that if ever she should recover and get home, she would reproach the ministers for their neglecting that sacrament, so plainly commanded by St. James. In the afternoon, after she had begged pardon for her wavering, the Catholic Confession of Faith was read aloud to her in the hearing of Mr. Craston, Mrs. Stilson, and another English woman, and she owned the same. About seven o'clock the same day, she said to Mr. Dubison, shall they not give me the holy communion? But her tongue was then so thick that she could hardly swallow any thing. She was then anointed with holy oil. But before, she said to Mr. Meriel, Why have you not yet, sir, forgiven my sins? In the night following, that priest, and Mr. Dubison were

continually by her, and sometimes praying to God in her name; and praying to the Virgin Mary and other saints. She said also, I believe all. I am very glad Christ was offered to his Father for me. Six or seven hours before she died, a crucifix was showed to her by Mr. Dubison; she took it and laid it upon her heart, and kissed it; and then the Nuns hanged it, with a pair of beads, upon her neck. A little before she died, Mr. Dubison asked her to pray for him in heaven; she promised him: So she gave up the ghost on the 27th of November, at ten of the clock, whilst the high mass was saying; she was soon commended to the prayers. On the fourth day of the week following, she was buried after the mass had been said for her. She was laid by Abigail Turbet."

Jan. 23d, 1705—6."

The substance of this letter was sent to several other prisoners. When Mr. Williams received it, he very well knew it was a forgery, and that it was written by Mr. Meriel. The messenger, however, informed him that his son had embraced the Catholic religion, for which he was very much blamed by some, fearing that the excess of his father's anxiety and distress for him might be so great as to shorten his days. He, however, acknowledged it as a favor, and thanked him for letting him know the worst of it. In sorrow and anguish of heart he made his complaints to his God, and asked him to direct him what to do in such an afflictive emergency. He found greater difficulty in arriving to a meek and acquiescing spirit than he had heretofore done. He thought of the beloved wife of his bosom, of his two dear children, and many of his kind and affectionate neighbors, who were slain by the Indians; of himself and so many of his children and neighbors in popish captivity, and he not allowed to visit them and instruct them in the way they should go, and a subtle, wily enemy using their best endeavors to ensnare them. He thought how happy many

others were with their wives and children around them in the bosoms of their families, with the privilege of bringing them up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord;" whilst they and their children were widely separated one from another, and their children in the utmost danger of embracing "damnable doctrines." He mourned when he thought within himself, that he had one child among the Macquas, another who had embraced the Catholic religion, and a child of six years of age in danger of being instructed in Popery; and he very well knew that no pains would be spared to prevent his seeing or speaking to them. His were, indeed, no enviable feelings, yet in the midst of all these mental trials he had a secret hope that God would thwart their evil designs, and bring them all to nought. All around looked gloomy and discouraging, but God was able to assist him beyond what he was able "to ask or think." He prayed to him to direct him, and then wrote the following short epistle to his son:—

"SON SAMUEL,

Yours of Jan'y 23d, I received, and with it the tidings that you had made abjuration of the Protestant faith for the Romish. News that I heard with the most distressing, afflicting, sorrowful spirit that ever I heard any news. Oh! I pity you. I mourn over you day and night. Oh! I pity your weakness, that through the craftiness of man you are turned from the simplicity of the gospel! I persuade myself that you have done it through ignorance. Oh! why have you neglected to ask a father's advice in an affair of so great importance as the change of religion? God knows that the catechism, in which I instructed you is according to the word of God, and so will be found in the day of judgment. Oh! consider and bethink yourself what you have done; and whether you ask me or not, my poor child, I cannot but pray for you, that you may be recovered out of the snare you are taken in. Read the Bible,

pray in secret; make Christ's righteousness your only plea before God for justification. Beware of all immorality, and of prophaning God's Sabbaths. Let a father's advice be asked for the future in all things of weight and moment. "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what should a man give in exchange for his soul?" I desire to be humbled under the mighty hand of God for thus afflicting me. I would not do as you have done for ten thousand worlds. My heart aches within me, but I will yet wait upon the Lord. To him I commit your case day and night. He can perform all things for me and mine, and can again recover you from your fall. I charge you not to be instrumental to ensnare your poor brother Warham, or any other, and so add sin to sin. Accept of my love, and don't forget a father's advice, who above all things desires that your soul may be saved in the day of the Lord."

He fervently prayed to God that this letter might prove effectual in causing his son seriously to reflect upon what he had done. Not receiving an answer from him for several weeks he wrote him another letter, of which the following is a brief analysis, which was instrumental in redeeming him from the thralldom of Popery:—

He informed him that he had waited until now under an expectation of hearing that he had abjured the Romish faith, but as he had forborne to write, or to take the counsel of an afflicted father, he was induced to write him again upon the same subject. In relation to Abigail Turbet's committing her soul into the hands of Mr. Meriel, it appeared to him that when she did it, she was laboring under mental alienation, for such an act was most sincerely to be abhorred by any one who has a true sense of religion; and he asked whether Mr. Meriel was a God or a Christ. Had he been an honest man he would have told her as in the language of the Apostles:—"Neither is there salvation in

any other, for there is no other name under heaven, given among men whereby we must be saved. It is an honor due to Christ alone." And as to what is written about praying to the Virgin Mary, and other saints, had Mr. Meriel been faithful, he would have told them:—"If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ, the righteous." Christ and the Apostles never taught men to pray to the Virgin Mary, or to the other saints, and when the Catholics have said all that lies in their power, they were not able to prove that the saints to whom their prayers were directed, had any knowledge of them whatever. God has nowhere informed them, that they had such information, and even if they had it, it by no means necessarily follows that honors are to be conferred upon them, or that prayers are to be addressed unto them. There is but one mediator, and he is our faithful advocate. When the Romanists say that there were no saints in heaven before the resurrection of Christ, but that they were retained in a place called *Limbus patrum*, they assert a glaring falsehood. Religious worship is not to be given to the creature, but to the Creator. In relation to the worshipping of images, where the Catholics plead in favor of it, "from those likenesses of things made in Solomon's temple," it is very little to the purpose. He does not contend that it is improper or unlawful to have pictures and images, but they were never to be bowed down to and adored. Such worship is forbidden in the scriptures, hence the Catholics forbid their followers the use of the Bible, and order them to believe as they direct them.

Concerning the statement of Esther Jones that there was "an inequality of power among the pastors of the church," he inquires whether we are to infer from the confessions of a woman laboring under a high fever, and perhaps deranged, that we are to draw this conclusion of inequality, and that we must necessarily believe in a Pope. This con-

fession it appears had been sent throughout the country to persuade the prisoners to believe in the Popish religion. He inquires whether any rational man can believe that Christ gave St. Peter any such power as is spoken of by the Papists in the 16th chapter of Matthew? He infers from scripture and reason that all such conclusions are preposterous and at variance with them.

He thinks that the Roman Catholic cannot be the true religion of Christ, because its laws are in direct opposition to his express laws and commands. And in one particular, in relation to the withholding the wine from the laity in the Lord's supper, he shews that their evasion, "that the blood is in the body, and so they partake of both in eating, is a great fallacy, built on a false foundation of transubstantiation," and he brings forward many arguments to shew the folly and absurdity of such a belief. And in relation to the subject of Holy Mass, he believes it to be wholly of human invention, not a syllable in favor of such a sacrifice being to be found in the scriptures, but, on the contrary such a daily propitiatory sacrifice is entirely opposed to them. "All ceremonies of the mass," says he, "are human inventions, that God never commanded."

He further says, "As to what is in the letter about praying for the women after death, is very ridiculous, for "as the tree falls so it lies, and as death leaves us so judgment will find us." There will be no change after death from an afflicted to a happy state. Purgatory is a fancy for the enriching of the clergy, and impoverishing the laity. The notion of it is a fatal snare to many souls who sin with hopes of easily getting priestly absolutions at death, and buying off their torments with their money. The soul at death goes immediately to judgment, and so to heaven or hell. No authentic place of scripture mentions so much as one word of any such place or state. Mr. Meriel told me, "If I found one error in our religion it was enough to cause me to dis-

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own our whole religion." By his argument you may see what reason you have to avoid that religion which is so full of error.

"Consult the Bible when you can get it. Can you think their religion is right, when they are afraid to let you have an English Bible; or to speak with your father or any of your christian neighbors for fear they would give you such convictions of the truth that they cannot remove? Can that religion be true that cannot bear an examination from the scriptures, that are a perfect rule in matters of faith; or that must be upheld by ignorance, especially the holy scriptures?

"Those things have I written as in my heart I believe. I long for your recovery, and will not cease to pray for it. I am now a man of a sorrowful spirit, and look upon your fall as the most aggravating circumstance of my afflictions; and am persuaded that no pains will be wanting to prevent me from seeing or speaking with you, but I know that God's grace is all sufficient. (Do not give way to discouragement as to your return to New-England. Read over what I have written, and keep it with you if you can; you have no friend on earth that wishes your eternal salvation more heartily than your father. I long to see and speak to you, but I never forget you. My love to you and to your brother and sister, and to all our fellow prisoners. Let me hear from you as often as you can. I hope God will appear for us before it be long.)

"There are a great many other things in the letter that deserve to be refuted, yet I would not pass over the passage in the letter that Esther Jones confessed that there were seven sacraments. To which I answer that some of the most learned of the Romish religion, confessed without the distracting pains of a violent fever, and left it on record in print, that it cannot be convincingly made out from the scriptures that there are seven sacraments, and that their most incontestible proof is from tradition, and by their tradition they

might have found seventeen as well as seven; considering that four Popes successively spent their lives in purging and correcting old authors. But no man can, out of the holy scriptures prove any more than two sacraments of divine institution, under the New-Testament, namely, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. If you make the scriptures a perfect rule of faith, as you ought to do, you cannot believe as the Romish church believes. My prayers are daily to God for you and your brother and sister, yea and for all my children and fellow prisoners.

I am your afflicted and sorrowful father,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Chateauciche, March 22, 1706.

This letter through the instrumentality of God, was the means of redeeming his son from the bonds of Popery, and restoring him to the Protestant religion, as appears from the following letter:—

MONTREAL, MAY 12, 1706.

HONORED FATHER,

I received your letter which you sent by——, which good letter I thank you for; and for the good counsel which you gave me; I desire to be thankful for it, and hope it will be for the good of my soul. As for what you ask me about my making an abjuration of the Protestant for the Romish faith, I durst not write so plain to you as I would, but hope to see and converse with you. I am sorry for the sin I have committed in changing of religion, for which I am greatly to blame. You may know that Mr. Meriel, the schoolmaster, and others were continually at me about it; at last I gave over to it, for which I am very sorry. As to that letter you had from me, it was a letter I transcribed for Mr. Meriel. And for what he said about Abigail Turbet, and Esther Jones, nobody heard them but he, as I understand. I desire your prayers to God for me,

to deliver me from my sins. Oh, remember me in your prayers! I am your dutiful son, ready to take your counsel.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

This same priest, Mr. Meriel, carried many letters to Samuel, and ordered him to write them over and send them to their destination. He also commanded others to do the same. It appears by an observation of Mrs. Stilson that she did not believe that either of the two women, mentioned above, changed their religion before their decease; for often during their sickness, while in the full possession of their reason, they protested against the Roman Catholic faith. It is certain that they did not die Papists, but that the story was an invention of the priests, to gain converts to their religion, and that false letters were transmitted to various quarters, propagating the falsehood. God, in his providence, gave other evidences, besides this, of their wicked designs.

During the summer a prisoner at Montreal, by the name of Bigelow, was very dangerously sick at the hospital, so that no one expected that he could recover. The priests immediately circulated the report that he had become a convert to their religion, and was admitted to their communion. Contrary to all expectation he recovered, and would not comply with their rites and ceremonies, declaring that while he was in the possession of his reason, he never said any thing in favor of their religion, that he never abjured the Protestant faith, and that he would not do it now. They were, therefore put to shame for the malicious fabrications. And there was no more reason to think that these two women were converted, than that Bigelow was. One of the witnesses named in the above mentioned letters told Mr. Williams that she never knew of any such thing, and further stated that Mr. Meriel informed her that he never heard a better or more fervent prayer than was made

by Esther Jones a short time before she died. Mr. Williams believed that this prayer was the only confession of her sins which she ever made to the priest. Many people can testify that both these women always opposed the principles of Popery in sickness and in health. Abigail Turbet was from the eastward, and Esther Jones from Northampton.



CHAPTER VI.

Negotiations for the exchange of prisoners.—Death of Zebediah Williams, and Popish superstitions and fabrications in relation to it.—Mr. Williams and several other prisoners return to Boston, and ultimately to Deerfield.—Some account of his writings.—His death—and character.

ABOUT the commencement of the month of March 1706, while Mr. Williams was at Quebec, Mr. Sheldon, one of our commissioners for the exchange of prisoners, arrived there with letters from the Governor of Massachusetts bay. While there, one night about ten o'clock a shock of an earthquake was felt, the report of which was as loud as a cannon, and which caused the houses to tremble. It was heard and felt a great many miles, throughout the whole extent of the island of St. Lawrence, and various other places. Mr. Sheldon was opposed by the priests in every possible way, in his mission, hoping thereby to have time to seduce our young men to popery. Those who would not subscribe to their sentiments they sent away, but most of the young people were retained. They still flattered many with promises of great reward, and attempts were made to

have others marry among them. A female by the name of Rachel Storer, of Wells, was debauched, and in the course of twenty-four hours was published, admitted into the communion and married. She afterwards most bitterly lamented her sin and folly, and most fervently requested the prayers of Mr. Williams and others, that God would yet bring her out of the "horrible pit."

In the month of April a man by the name of Zebediah Williams died. He was, probably, a son of Zebediah Williams, one of the first settlers of Deerfield, who came there in 1674. He was a very religious young man, who did much during his captivity to animate and console the prisoners, and he redeemed a captive from the thralldom of popery, who was taken during the last war. On this account many among the Catholics were very much prejudiced against him; but the French themselves, where he resided, acknowledged that he was an excellent man, a man of good information, indefatigable in studying the scriptures, and prayerful to God. At the commencement of his sickness, before he entered the hospital at Quebec, he made Mr. Williams a visit, as he had frequently done before, and they mutually contributed to each other's comfort in their forlorn situation. After his death the French told Mr. Williams that "Zebediah had gone to hell, and was damned," and further stated that since his death, he had appeared to an Englishman by the name of Joseph Egerly, in flames of fire, and told him, that for refusing to embrace the Romish religion, when so much pains were taken to convert him, and for using his influence to detach him from the Roman communion, and to persuade him to forsake the mass, he was suffering the pains of the damned, and that he had now appeared to him in this manner, to warn him of his danger. Mr. Williams told them that he believed it was a popish lie, and stated that he blessed God that his religion did not require a lie to sustain it. They

still declared it to be true, and mentioned the miraculous manner in which God witnessed against his religion and approved of their own. Mr. Williams still stated to them that he believed that he was in heaven, and that their idle stories were only invented to frighten the unwary into a belief of their superstitions. For many weeks they continued to propagate the same ridiculous tales, asserting that every one who came from the island maintained that it was true. He prayed to God that he would frustrate their wicked designs.

In the course of a few weeks a man came to his residence and informed him that the story in relation to Zebediah was true, and stated that Joseph Egerly had been to the island and informed one of the prisoners of the story, as reported above. In a very few hours Mr. Williams saw the same prisoner, and inquired of him whether he had seen Egerly, and upon his answering in the affirmative, he inquired what he said concerning the appearance of Zebediah to him. He answered that he told him no such story, but that he was persuaded he would have done it, had there been any truth in it. Within a week from this time a serious young man, by the name of John Boulton, from the island of St. Lawrence, about seventeen years of age, called upon him, as he had often done before with Zebediah, who was a particular friend of his. He greatly lamented before Mr. Williams, the death of his friend, and stated to him that the same story had been repeatedly told to him for several weeks, with strong affirmations as to its truth, and that Egerly had become so serious since the apparition that he had attended mass every day. They endeavored to persuade him, since God had in such a miraculous manner appeared to convince them of the truth of their religion, and of the falsehood of the system he had embraced, that he ought immediately to renounce his heresies and embrace the Catholic faith, or his damnation would be dreadfully aggravated. He said they

allowed him no repose either by day or night, and that he told them there was no truth in their religion, and that he did not believe the story; and he further added, that one day, while he was sitting in his house, Egerly called on him and he inquired of him, in the presence of the whole family concerning the truth of the story. Egerly said it was a falsehood, and stated that Williams never appeared to him, and that he never reported such a thing to any body, and that since the death of Zebediah he had never attended mass a single time.

X When the priests heard this, they were much ashamed. Together Mr. Williams and the young man blessed God that this wicked delusion was nipped in the bud. Mr. Williams then wrote letters to Samuel, and Ebenezer Hill, residing at Quebec, who were new prisoners from Wells, informing them of the discovery of this lying report, and cautioning them against the belief of the story. The letters were intercepted, and the prisoners never received them. Egerly returned to New-England with Mr. Williams, and the priests gained nothing by the circulation of the report.

Towards the latter end of summer, they informed Mr. Williams that they had heard from New-England by a person who had been a prisoner at Boston, who stated that the ministers at Boston had informed the French prisoners that the Protestant was the only true religion, and in proof of it, they would raise a person from the dead in their presence. They then persuaded a person to feign himself dead, and then commanded him in the name of Christ to arise. The command was not obeyed, but the person actually died. Mr. Williams told them it was an old falsehood new vamped against Calvin and Luther, with only a change of persons and place, and upon their adhering to the truth of their declaration, he told them that he wondered why they so pertinaciously adhered to a faith which was sustained by lying and slander.

The weather was so extremely cold the latter part of September, that the prisoners almost despaired of being able to return before winter, and they were continually offering up prayers to God that they might be resigned to his will, should they be obliged to remain in Canada during another winter. Mr. Williams was informed by several people who came from the city, that the Lord Intendant stated that if on the return of a man by the name of Moore, he should bring information that Battiss still remained in prison, he should put him (Mr. Williams) in prison and confine him in irons. They would not allow him to go into the city, saying that he always did a great deal of mischief when ever he went there, and they always used their influence with the Governor to have him send him back.

In the month of June the superior of the priests called upon him and told him that he perceived that he wished to see his friend, Captain Beauville, but that he was ashamed to do it because he was ragged, but he observed that his obstinacy against embracing their religion prevented them from clothing him better. He observed to the superior that "it was better going in a ragged coat than in a ragged conscience."

At the commencement of June, 1706, an army of five hundred Macquas and Indians left Canada with the intention of attacking some of the settlements on Connecticut river, but meeting with a Scatacook Indian who afterwards deserted from them, they were diverted from their purpose, fearing that he would alarm the inhabitants in those places. From fifty to eighty of their number returned, and God thus frustrated their designs.

While the Popish clergy were flattering themselves that they should have another winter to procure proselytes among the prisoners, information was received that an English brigantine was on its voyage to Canada, and that the honorable Capt. Samuel Atherton and Capt. John Bonner were

on board as commissioners for the redemption of the prisoners. The clergy now redoubled their efforts to detain the prisoners. To some they offered liberty, to some money, and to others annual pensions if they would remain. They advised some to stay till the spring of the year, stating that it was so late in the season that they would be shipwrecked if they attempted to return now. They told some of the younger people that if they now returned home they would be damned and suffer the pains of hell forever, to terrify them, and they molested them continually whenever they saw them. They threatened to send Mr. Williams on board without a permission to return, if he should hold any more conversation with the prisoners who had embraced their religion. (At Montreal in particular, every wily design was used to detain the captives. They told him that if his child would tarry with them he should receive an honorable pension from the king, and that his master, who was advanced in years, and the most wealthy man in Canada, would give him a large sum of money, and they stated to him that if he went home he would be poor, as his father was in indigent circumstances, and his property was all burnt and destroyed.) The boy would not be induced to remain among them. They intreated others in much the same manner, but to no effect. A short time before they tried to persuade his son to go to France, after having ineffectually tempted him to join their communion. A woman from the eastward, who had been persuaded by them to marry an English captive, left Canada with her husband, for which they were very sorry that they had ever persuaded her to embrace their religion and to marry, as, by so doing, she had weakened their cause, and drawn away a convert from them, instead of adding another to their number. Another woman from the same place, to whom they had refused a Bible until after she had promised to join their communion, when they presented her with one, which, upon opening at

the mass, she read the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy, and while reading it she was so convinced of the error of their ways, that before her first communion with them she abjured their faith, and could never afterwards be prevailed upon to unite with them.

They had reason to bless God that he had wrought deliverance for so many of the unhappy prisoners, and they prayed to him that further means of deliverance might be pointed out. (Not much less than one hundred captives still remained behind, and several of these were still among the Indians, and many were children whom they had every reason to fear would become savages, unless a particular interposition of providence prevented.)

The vessel that was sent out for them was near being wrecked on its voyage to Canada, having struck on a sand-bar, where she lay in great distress for some time, in consequence of the action of four tides upon her. They, however, had reason to bless God for the occurrence, for, if they had passed the bar without obstruction, they would at midnight, during a violent snow-storm, have run upon a terrific reef of rocks.

They left Quebec on the 25th of October, 1706. They were retarded by contrary winds, and a great storm, and driven back again near the city, and they came very near being shipwrecked, the vessel during the storm having struck twice upon a rock. They all arrived in safety at Boston on the 21st of November. The number of captives who left Canada in the brigantine, and arrived at Boston, was fifty-seven, among whom were two of Mr. Williams' children. He had yet a daughter of ten years of age, and many friends and neighbors among the French and Indians in the cold and inhospitable regions of Canada, and he solicited the compassionate prayers of the benevolent and good, that they would intercede with God for their deliverance.

On their arrival at Boston, they found the people of that

place extending the hand of charity towards them in a remarkable manner, amply supplying their wants in their necessitous circumstances, for which they were very thankful. (Mr. Williams thought there was more benevolent feeling and action in Boston than in the whole of Canada, although the people in the latter place strongly believed in the doctrine of merit. He earnestly prayed that the Lord would grant, that those who had given so liberally to them, might find the accomplishment of his promises in their persons and families from generation to generation.

(The names of several of the captives who were taken from Deerfield, and who were left in Canada after Mr. Williams' return, have been found among the Indians near Montreal.) There were several intermarriages, and their names have not become extinct in that vicinity. As lately as the year 1756, Mary Harris, who was one of the female prisoners, and a child at the time of the capture of the town, resided at Cahnawaga. She was at that time a married woman, and had several children, one of whom was an officer in the service of France. A gentleman from Montreal said that he saw at the Lake of the Two Mountains, a French girl who told him that her grandmother was Thankful Stebbins, who was taken from Deerfield in 1704. Gen. Hoyt has procured the names of the principal part of the prisoners who were taken at Deerfield, and who were left in Canada after the return of Mr. Williams. They are as follows:—

William Brooks, Mary Brooks, Daniel Crowfoot, Samuel Carter, John Carter, Mary Carter, Elizabeth Corse, Abigail Denio, Mary Field, Freedom French, Abigail French, Mary Harris, Samuel Hastings, Ebenezer Hoit, Thomas Hurst, Joanna Kellog, Abigail Nims, Jeremiah Richards, Josiah Rising, Ebenezer Stebbins, Thankful Stebbins, Joseph Stebbins, Elizabeth Stevens, Waitstill Warner, Eunice Williams.

Many of the prisoners became very much attached to the Indians and their mode of life, and some of them were very loth to leave them after they were redeemed. A lad, by the name of Jonathan Hoit, who was taken at the time of the destruction of the town, at the age of 16 years, was very fond of them. He resided with them two years and a half, at a place called Lorete, upon the River St. Charles, not far from Quebec. He learnt their language so perfectly that he never forgot it to the day of his death, which was in the ninety second year of his age. Soon after his return to Deerfield, his former Indian master came down to make him a visit, and he was kindly received by him, and treated with kindness and respect. Jonathan was redeemed by Major Dudley, son of Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, in the following manner, as related by Col. Elihu Hoyt, one of his descendants, in his History of the first settlement of Deerfield, a small pamphlet in the duodecimo form:—

“The Indians were in the habit of raising and bringing to market garden sauce, &c. One day Major Dudley saw young Hoit in the street; he said to him, are you not an English boy? He answered, yes. Do you not wish to go home and see your friends? I do, was the answer. Where is your master? said the Major. Some where in the city, answered the boy. Bring him to me, said he. The boy now tripped over the ground with a light heart, in pursuit of his master, who soon came. The agent said to the Indian, I will give you this for the boy, holding out to him a purse of twenty dollars. The temptation was too great to be resisted; the bargain was made, the money handed over, and the Indian went away well satisfied. The gentleman immediately sent the boy on board a ship then lying in the river for the reception of the ransomed prisoners. The agent was aware that when the Indian had leisure to reflect, he would return and make a proposition to give up the money, and take his boy again; he was not mistaken in his

conjecture; he soon came back and desired to give up the money for the boy; he told him he could not have him, he was out of his reach. The Indian went away lamenting that he had parted with his favorite captive boy, for a few dumb dollars, that would neither fish nor hunt. By this means the captive was restored to his home and his friends."

About the time that Mr. Williams left Canada, new troubles began to arise in that province. Letters were received from Mississippi written in the preceding May, stating that the plague was prevailing there, and that one hundred and fifty Frenchmen had died within a very short space of time, and that the tribe of Indians there called the Lazilouways, were very boisterous and had wounded a Jesuit severely, and had killed his servant, a Frenchman. Farther information reached them in July that the Indians upon the river were engaged in war with each other, and the French who resided amongst them were in great danger; that the Mitchel Macquinas had commenced war against the Miziamnies, and had killed a friar, three Frenchmen, and eleven Indians, at a place called the straits, where they were erecting a fort for the purpose of traffic; they had also taken sixteen Frenchmen prisoners, and burnt their trading houses. These things greatly perplexed the French in Canada, but the Jesuits strove hard to pacify them, but their troubles rather increased than subsided when they left Canada; for the last letters from the French prisoners in those regions state that the Indians had sent out two companies, one of one hundred and sixty, and one of one hundred and fifty-nine, against the savages at the Straits, and they were fearful that they would attack the French as well as the Indians.

Mr. Williams did not immediately return to Deerfield after his emancipation from the French and Indians. He probably had some doubts whether he should again settle in the ministry in Deerfield. On the 30th of November,

1706, nine or ten days after his arrival at Boston, the town of Deerfield chose commissioners, viz. Captain Thomas French and Captain Jonathan Wells, to go down to the bay for them, and in their behalf to act and treat with their pastor, the Rev. John Williams, in order to his re-settlement with them again in the work of the ministry, as also to take advice and counsel of the elders in our county for the management of the work, as also to put up a petition to the General Court, or Counsel, for a grant of money for the encouragement of the Rev. Mr. John Williams in his re-settlement in said work with them, and in all these particulars to act and do according to the best of their discretion." Mr. Williams, after serious consideration, accepted the call, although the war still continued with unabated fury, and the inhabitants were kept in a continual state of alarm.

On the 9th of January, 1707, the town agreed to build a house for him, "as big as Ensign Sheldon's, and a back room as big as may be thought convenient." Ensign Sheldon's house was the old picketed fort which is still standing and is occupied by the family of the late Col. Hoyt. On the 3d of April, the town voted, "that they would pay unto Mr. John Williams 20 pounds in money, and every male head of 16 years and upwards, one day's work a piece; those that have teams, a day with their teams for the year." They also voted to pay Thomas Wells for boarding Mr. Choate the last half year he preached in Deerfield. On the 17th of November they voted "to send a petition to the General Court for a grant of money towards the maintenance of the Rev. John Williams in the work of the ministry in Deerfield." They also gave him and his heirs forever, a large tract of land adjoining his house, and in the meadows.

Indian depredations continued for many years after the re-settlement of Mr. Williams. Soon after the destruction

of the town at the time he was captivated, the inhabitants re-built it. In May, 1704, Mr. John Allen and his wife were killed at a place called the Barrs, and in the summer of the same year, serjeant John Hawks was attacked by the Indians, but escaped to Hatfield with a slight wound upon his hand; and in July a man by the name of Thomas Russell was killed by them at the north part of the town.

AUGUST, 1708. As a scout from Deerfield were returning from White River, in Vermont, they were attacked by the Indians, and a man by the name of Barber was killed, he having killed the Indian who fired upon him, so near together did they discharge their guns. Martin Kellogg was captivated; the rest were so fortunate as to escape. On the 26th of October of this year, Mr. Ebenezer Field was killed by the Indians near Bloody-Brook.

In the month of April, 1709, Mehuman Hinsdale, a son of one of the first settlers of Deerfield, and the first male child ever born there, was taken prisoner by the Indians, as he was driving his team between Hatfield and Northampton, and carried by them to Canada. From thence he was carried to France, and from France to England, and he was brought from the latter place to Deerfield.* The succeeding month of the same year, Lieut. John Wells and John Burt, inhabitants of Deerfield, were killed in a skirmish with the Indians on French, or Onion River, in Vermont. They, with others, had been out on an expedition against the enemy, as far as Lake Champlain, where they had killed several of them.

It seems that the Indians and their commanders were not yet satisfied with their hostilities upon this land abounding with milk and honey, for another attempt was made to sack or destroy the town in the month of June, 1709, by Rouville, one of the brothers who made the successful attack

*See Appendix.

upon the town in 1704. His force consisted of one hundred and eighty French and Indians, but vigorous efforts were now made by the inhabitants, for the defence, many of whom had recently returned from Canada, and their late disasters had taught them military prudence, and inspired them with courage in opposing the savage foes. The enemy, from these preparations, thought it most prudent to withdraw their troops and abandon the attack. They did not quit the place until they had taken Joseph Clesson and John Arms prisoners. Jonathan Williams and Matthew Clesson were killed at the time, and Lieutenant Mattoon, and Isaac Taylor were wounded, but both of them fortunately survived. I am inclined to think that this Joseph Clesson was the one who was so cruelly treated by the Indians in Canada in one of their sports, which was to cause him to run the gauntlet. The account of the transaction is as follows:—The Indians arranged themselves in two rows, facing each other, armed with clubs. They then pinioned the hands of the captive, and forced him to run through the ranks, while every Indian gave him a severe blow with his club. Mr. Clesson was severely mangled by them in this way, while in Canada and under the protection of the French. His lower jaw was broken, and he was otherwise most cruelly bruised. He was ever afterwards extremely indignant against the Indians for this outrage, and the bare mention of an Indian would rouse a resentment in his breast as furious as a lion or a bear in its rage.

Mr. Williams about this time was earnestly solicited to accept the office of Chaplain in the army in the expedition against Canada under General Hill and Admiral Walker. He had been previously requested to accept the same in the expedition against Port Royal, under the command of Col. March, with seven hundred men, in the year 1707. Soon after, he was appointed Chaplain in the winter expedition to Canada under the command of Col. Stoddard, for

the purpose of redeeming prisoners. Col. Stoddard was successful in redeeming many of his fellow citizens, but they could not obtain the daughter of Mr. Williams.

Mr. Williams' salary was, for some time, probably too small to support him, and the General Court allowed him two islands in Connecticut River, opposite to the town of Deerfield, now called Smead's and Corse's islands, containing between thirty and forty acres, in consequence of his petitioning in behalf of the town, for an extension of its territories. This petition was granted, and the line then extended west from Connecticut River nine miles, as far as the western boundaries of Northampton and Hatfield. The town was then about fourteen miles in length, and nine in breadth, and occupied the towns now embracing Greenfield, Conway, Shelburne, Gill, and a part of Whately.

On the 30th of September, 1712, a scout was sent from Deerfield under the command of Samuel Taylor, to the Hudson, or North River, as it was then called in the state of New-York. They were attacked by the Indians on this day, and a man by the name of Samuel Andros was killed; Jonathan Barret was wounded, and he and William Stanford were taken prisoners, carried to Canada, and redeemed by Lieut. Samuel Williams, who was there with a flag of truce, and they returned to Deerfield after an absence of two months. From the year 1712 to 1720, the people of Deerfield were not much molested by the Indians.

To show the continued attachment of the people of Deerfield to Mr. Williams, the town voted to provide him his wood at its own expense, in addition to his salary, and to procure him the value of sixty ordinary loads in the year 1724—5.

In the latter part of June 1724, as a scout were returning from the north part of Greenfield, near rocky mountain, to the fort at Deerfield, they were attacked by the Indians, and Ebenezer Sheldon, Thomas Colton, and Jeremiah Eng-

lish, a friendly Indian, were killed; the Indians were dispersed by the rear of the scout coming upon them suddenly. In the same year two men by the names of Lieut. Timothy Childs and Samuel Allen, who had been at work in the north meadows, were attacked by a party of Indians who lay concealed in the woods at Pine Hill. They were both wounded, but fortunately they recovered.

On the 25th of August 1725, as Deac. Field, Deac. Childs, and several others from Deerfield were passing up the road near Green River Farms, they were ambuscaded by the Indians, whom the party had previously discovered, as they were posted on an eminence. An Indian was killed by John Wells. The party afterwards returned towards a mill, but one of them, Deacon Field, was severely wounded, the ball passing through the lower part of the right side of the abdomen, cutting off several folds of the mesentery, which protruded through the wound to the extent of two inches, and was cut off even with the body; the ball then passed between the two lowest ribs, fracturing the last one. It likewise took off one of his thumbs at the root, and the bone of the fore-finger, and lodged in the hand between the fore and second finger. The ball was extracted and a perfect cure of all his wounds was effected by Dr. Thomas Hastings, in less than three weeks.

Mr. Williams for many years devoted much of his time and attention to the pursuits of science and literature, and to the cares and obligations attendant upon his professional duties as a faithful minister of the Gospel. For the times in which he lived, he was a writer of no mean abilities. He has not left behind him many of his published productions. The only ones which I recollect to have seen, are his Redeemed Captive returning to Zion, in which he gives an account of his captivity and sufferings, and a Sermon preached at Boston, December 6, 1706, soon after his return from Canada. These works evince talents and great

piety. The age in which he lived was not one of publications like the present, or doubtless more of his works would have been published. He was a very constant attendant upon the annual convention of ministers in the then province of Boston, when he was always treated with respect and attention. In 1728, he preached an interesting discourse at that convention.

I have seen some of his manuscript productions which are interesting. In some of his writings under the head of Philosophy, he treats of Mists and Fogs—of Wind, of Water, or the doctrine of Hydrostatics—of Matter—of the Earth—of Fire—of Beasts, Birds, and Fishes—of Insects of the Julian period—of the Method of drawing a Meridian Line upon an Horizontal Plain—of Mercury—of Vulcan—of Mars—of an Echo, &c. &c. These topics shew that he had a philosophical turn of mind, and a greater taste for the abstruse sciences than is usual to be found at that period.

The following is his description of a drunkard, which will give some idea of his style of writing, and will shew that the habit of intoxication is not confined to the present day:—

‘A DRUNKARD DESCRIBED.

“Though wine is so beneficial to this life that in *vitæ vitam hominis Esseidieros*, and how many say that the happiness of one consists in the enjoyment of the other; but do not consider that if wine be the cradle of life, yet it is the grave of the Reason, for if men do not constantly sail in the Red Sea of Claret, their souls are oft times drowned therein. It blinds them, and leaves them under darkness, especially when it begins to draw forth sparkles and little stars from their eyes. Then the body being drowned in drink, the mind floats, or else is stranded. Thus too great love of the vine is pernicious to life, for from it come more

faults than grapes, and it breeds more mischief than pleasures. Would you see an instance of this, observe a drunken man. O beast! See how his head reels and totters. His hands sink, his feet fail, his hands tremble, his mouth froths, his cheeks are flabby, his eyes sparkle and water, his words are unintelligible, his tongue falters and stops, his throat sends forth a nasty loathsome stench; but what do I do? There is no end of his filthiness."

Soon after Mr. Williams' return to Deerfield, he married *Janet* a second time to the daughter of Capt. Allen of Windsor, Connecticut. She, as well as his first wife, were grand daughters of the Rev. Mr. Warham, formerly Pastor of Windsor. By his second wife he had five children. Eight of his children survived him; four sons and four daughters. His three eldest sons, Eleazer, Stephen and Warham, were settled in the ministry at Mansfield, Connecticut, at Springfield, and at Watertown, Massachusetts. Stephen received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Dartmouth College, but was educated at Harvard. He lived to a great old age. His son Elijah, by his second wife, was educated at Harvard College, and lived at Deerfield, where he was much respected as an honorable merchant, and an able magistrate. His eldest daughter married Mr. Meacham, the former Pastor of Coventry, Connecticut.

Mr. Williams died at Deerfield on the 12th of June, 1729, in the 65th year of his age, and the 44th year of his ministry. He was attacked with a fit of apoplexy on the morning of the 9th. It was perceived upon speaking to him that he had the exercise of reason, but he was never able to articulate distinctly more than two or three words after he was taken ill. The writer of his obituary notice, which was published in the Boston News-Letter, the first Newspaper ever published in New-England, thus speaks of him:—"God, who first sent him to us, and inclined his heart to settle with us in our small beginnings, hath made him a

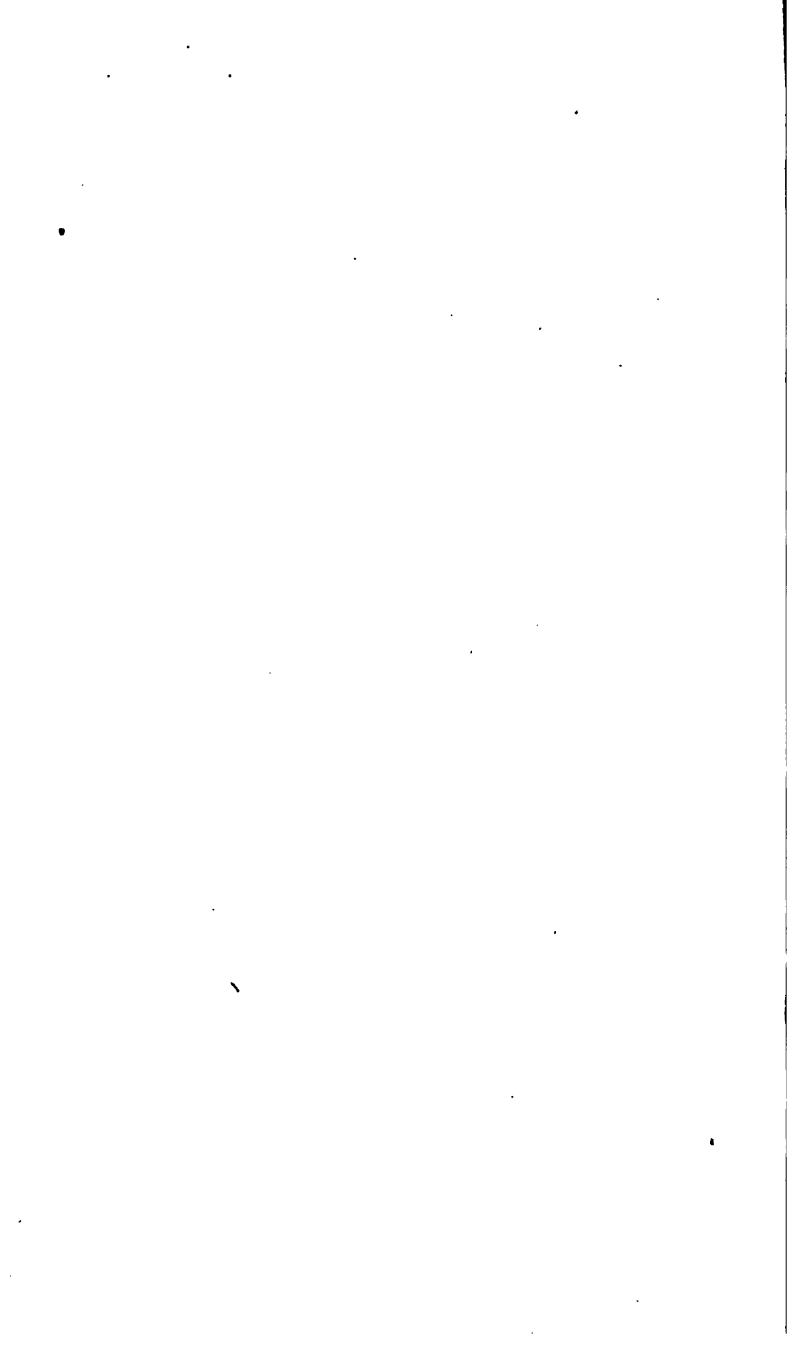
great blessing unto us. His heart was engaged in his work, and was abundant in his labors, both in season and out of season, plainly, faithfully, and frequently warning, urging, and intreating both elder and younger unto piety and perseverance in it. He was much in prayer, and singularly gifted in it. We hope through grace he has left many seals of his ministry among us.

The Divine Providence which fixed his post in one of the frontier towns of the province, fitted him for it by giving him patience and cheerfulness of spirit; so that he was wonderfully carried through all the difficulties, distractions and dangers that he encountered. And his prayers, counsel, and example, did not a little contribute to the support and encouragement of his people from time to time."

And another writer, the Rev. Rodolphus Dickinson, of this town, in his view of Deerfield, thus beautifully eulogizes him:—

"The character of Mr. Williams was extensively known, and held in high estimation; as may be learned aside from other respectful attentions, by his appointment to preach to a general convention of the clergymen of Massachusetts at Boston. He is represented by his contemporaries, who have witnessed his efforts before the most enlightened and powerful auditories in the Province, as a powerful and affecting preacher. He is also commended for his domestic virtues, his eminent piety, humility, sincerity, and goodness of heart. His voluntary abandonment of the scenes of his beloved nativity, secure from the incursions of the savages, to settle in a frontier place, perpetually exposed to their depredations, where personal safety, so indispensable to other enjoyments, was for many years a stranger to their habitations; and his return to the work of the ministry, subject to the same dangers, after the complicated afflictions of his captivity; evince his ardent love for the people of his care, and testify that he was animated with the spirit

of a martyr in the advancement of the Gospel. It is impossible to peruse his interesting narrative of the destruction of Deerfield, and the slaughter and captivity of its inhabitants, in the suffering in which he so largely participated, without being inspired with a respect for his talents and piety, and an admiration of that unexampled fortitude, which could sustain him under private calamities, such as rarely happen to man, and a view of public desolations, similar, though less extended, to those apostrophized by the mournful son of Hilkiah. But a holy resignation to the Supreme Disposer of events, was the balm of every sorrow. His path was lighted by a hope that looks beyond this transient scene. He was redeemed from the flames, passed through the wilderness and sea of dangers, and, as we trust, reached a temple eternal in the heavens."

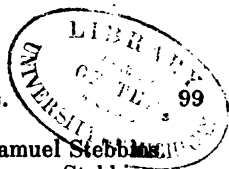


APPENDIX AND NOTES.

List of the Souldiers and the Descendants of such as are Deceased that were in the Fight, Called the Fall Fight, above Deerfield, who are Intituled to the Township Granted by the General Court as follows:—

Joseph Atherton, Deerfield, only son of Hope Atherton.
Nathaniel Allexander, Northampton, Nathaniel Allexander.
Thomas Alvard, Middleton, eldest son of Thomas Alvard.
John Arms, Deerfield, son of William Arms.
John Baker, Northampton, son of Timothy Baker.
Samuel Bedortha, Springfield, son of Samuel Bedortha.
John Field, Deerfield, descendant, James Bennet.
John Barbar, Springfield, son of John Barbar.
John Bradshaw, Medford, John Bradshaw.
Isaac Burnap, Windham, son of John Burnap.
Samuel Clesson, Northampton, descendant, Peter Bushrod.
Samuel Boltwood, Hadley, son of Samuel Boltwood.
Samuel Bardwell, Deerfield, son of Robert Bardwell.
John Hitchcock, Springfield, descendant, Samuel Ball.
Stephen Belden, Hatfield, son of Stephen Belden.
Richard Beers, Watertown, son of Elnathan Beers.
Samuel Beldin, Hatfield, Samuel Beldin.
Preserved Clapp, Northampton, son of Preserved Clapp.
Thomas Chapin, Springfield, son of Japhet Chapin.
Samuel Crow, Hadley, son of Samuel Crow.
Joseph Crowfoot, Wethersfield, desc'nt, Joseph Crowfoot.
William Clark, Lebanon, son of William Clark.
Noah Cook, Hadley, descendant, Noah Colman.
Benjamin Chamberlain, Colchester, Benj. Chamberlain.
Nathaniel Chamberlain, descendant, Joseph Chamberlain.
Samuel Cuniball, Boston, son of John Cuniball.
John Chase, Newbury, son of John Chase.
William Dickeson, Hadley, son of Nehemiah Dickeson.
Samuel Jellet, Hatfield, descendant, John Dickeson.
Benjamin Edwards, Northampton, son of Benj. Edwards.
Joseph Fuller, Newtown, Joseph Fuller.
Samuel Field, Deerfield, son of Samuel Field.

Nathaniel Foot, Colchester, son of Nathaniel Foot.
John Flanders, Kingston, son of John Flanders.
Isaac Gleason, Enfield, son of Isaac Gleason.
Richard Church, Hadley, descendant, Isaac Harrison.
Simon Grover, Malden, son of Simon Grover.
Samuel Griffin, Roxbury, son of Joseph Griffin.
John Hitchcock, Springfield, son of John Hitchcock.
Luke Hitchcock, Springfield, son of Luke Hitchcock.
Jonathan Hoit, Deerfield, son of David Hoit.
Jonathan Scott, Waterbury, descendant, John Hawks.
Eleazer Hawks, Deerfield, son of Eleazer Hawks.
James Harwood, Concord, son of James Harwood.
John Dond, Middleton, descendant, Experience Hindal.
Samuel Hunt, Tewksbery, Samuel Hunt.
William James, Lebanon, son of Abell James.
John Ingram, Hadley, son of John Ingram.
Samuel Jellet, Hatfield, son of Samuel Jellet.
William Jones, Almsbury, son of Robert Jones.
Medad King, Northampton, son of John King.
Francis Keet, Northampton, son of Francis Keet.
Martin Kellog, Suffield, son of Joseph Kellog.
John Lee, Westfield, son of John Lee.
John Lyman, Northampton, son of John Lyman.
Joseph Leeds, Dorchester, son of Joseph Leeds.
Josiah Leonard, Springfield, son of Josiah Leonard.
John Merry, Long Island, son of Cornelius Merry.
Stephen Noble, formerly of Enfield, descn't, Isaac Morgan.
Jonathan Morgan, Springfield, son of Jonathan Morgan.
Thomas Miller, Springfield, son of Thomas Miller.
James Mun, Colchester, James Mun.
Benjamin Mun, Deerfield, son of John Mun.
John Mattoon, Wallingford, son of Phillip Mattoon.
John Nims, Deerfield, son of Godfrey Nims.
Ebenezer Pumroy, Northampton, son of Medad Pumroy.
Samuel Pumroy, N. H., son of Caleb Pumroy.
Samuel Price, Glastenbury, son of Robert Price.
Samuel Preston, Hadley, descendant, John Preston.
Thomas Pratt, Malden, son of John Pratt.
John Pressey, Almsbury, son of John Pressey.
Henry Rogers, Springfield, son of Henry Rogers.
John Read, Westford, son of Thomas Read.
Nathaniel Sikes, Springfield, son of Nathaniel Sikes.
Nathaniel Sutliff, Durham, son of Nathaniel Sutliff.



Samuel Stebbins, Springfield, son of Samuel Stebbins.
 Luke Noble, Westfield, descendant, Thomas Stebbins.
 Ebenezer Smead, Deerfield, son of William Smead.
 Joseph Smith, Hatfield, son of John Smith.
 James Stephenson, Springfield, son of James Stephenson.
 Thomas Seldon, Haddam, son of Joseph Seldon.
 Josiah Scott, Hatfield, son of William Scott.
 John Salter, Charlestown, son of John Salter.
 William Turner, Swanzey, grandson of Captain Turner.
 Benjamin Thomas, Strafford, son of Benjamin Thomas.
 Joseph Winchell, jr. Suffield, descendant, Jonathan Tailer.
 Samuel Tyley, Boston, son of Samuel Tyley.
 Preserved Wright, N. H., son of James Wright.
 Cornelius Webb, Springfield, son of John Webb.
 Jonathan Webb, Stamford, son of Richard Webb.
 John Wait, Hatfield, son of Benjamin Wait.
 Eleazer Weller, Westfield, son of Eleazer Weller.
 Thomas Wells, Deerfield, son of Thomas Wells.
 Ebenezer Warriner, Enfield, son of Joseph Warriner.
 Jonathan Wells, Deerfield, Jonathan Wells.
 Wm. Worthington, Colchester, son Nicholas Worthington.
 John Scott, Elbows, grandson of John Scott.
 Samuel Colby, Almsbury,
 Irgal Newberry, Malden.

The Committee appointed to inlist the Officers
 and Souldiers in the Fight, Called the Fall Fight,
 under the Command of Capt. William Turner,
 then slain, and the Descendants of such as are
 deceased, and that are Intituled to the Grant of
 this Great and General Court made them of a
 Township, have attended many times that Service
 and Returned the List above and Aforesaid,
 which Contains the Person's Names Claiming,
 and from whom and which the Committee have
 accordingly allowed, all which is Submitted.

▲ List of ye
 Proprietary.

WM. DUDLEY,
 EZ. LEWIS,
 JOHN STODDARD,
 JOSEPH DWIGHT,
 JOHN WAINWRIGHT.

Boston, June, 1736.

In Council, June 23d, 1736, Read, and ordered that this Report be Accepted, Sent down for Concurrence:

SIMON FROST, *Dept'y Sec'ry.*

In the House of Representatives, Jan'y 19, 1736, Read, and ordered that this Report be accepted. Sent up for Concurrence.

J. QUINCY, *Spk'r.*

In Council, Jan'y 21st, 1736, Read and Concurr'd.

SIMON FROST, *Dept'y Sec'ry.*

Consented to,

J. BELCHER.

A true Copy, Examin'd pr. SIMON FROST, *Dept. Sec'ry.*

Names of the captives who were taken at the destruction of the town of Deerfield, Feb. 29th, 1703—4. Drawn up by the Rev. Stephen Williams, of Springfield, soon after his return from Captivity.

Mary Alexander,	Daniel Crowfoot,
Mary Alexander, jr.	Abigail Denio,
Joseph Alexander, (ran a-	Sarah Dickinson,
way the first night,)	Joseph Eastman,
Sarah Allen,	Mary Field,
Mary Allis,	John Field,
Thomas Baker,	Mary Feld, jr.
Simon Beaumont,	Mary Frary,*
Hepzibah Belding,*	Thomas French,
John Bridgman, (ran away	Mary French,*
in the meadow)	Mary French, jr.
Nathaniel Brooks,	Thomas French, jr.
Mary Brooks,*	Freedom French,
Mary Brooks, jr.	Martha French,
William Brooks,	Abigail French,
Abigail Brown,	Mary Harris,
Benjamin Burt,	Samuel Hastings,
Hannah Carter,*	Elizabeth Hawks,
Hannah Carter, jr.*	Mehuman Hinsdale,
Mercy Carter,	Mary Hinsdale,
Samuel Carter,	Jacob Hix, (died at Coos)
John Carter,	Deacon David Hoit, (died
Ebenezer Carter,	at Coos)
Marah Carter,*	Abigail Hoit,
John Catlin,	Jonathan Hoit,
Ruth Catlin,	Sarah Hoit,
Elizabeth Corse,*	Ebenezer Hoit,
Elizabeth Corse, jr.	Abigail Hoit, jr.

Elizabeth Hull,
 Thomas Hurst,
 Ebenezer Hurst,
 Benoni Hurst,*
 Sarah Hurst,
 Sarah Hurst, jr.
 Elizabeth Hurst,
 Hannah Hurst,
 Martin Kellogg,
 Martin Kellogg, jr.
 Joseph Kellogg,
 Joanna Kellogg,
 Rebecca Kellogg,
 John Marsh,
 Sarah Mattoon,*
 Philip Mattoon,
 Frank,* (a negro)
 Mehitabel Nims,
 Ebenezer Nims,
 Abigail Nims,
 Joseph Petty,
 Sarah Petty,
 Lydia Pomeroy,
 Joshua Pomeroy,
 Esther Pomeroy,*
 Samuel Price,

Jemima Richards,
 Josiah Rising,
 Hannah Shelden,
 Ebenezer Shelden,
 Remembrance Shelden,
 Mary Shelden,
 John Stebbins,
 Dorothy Stebbins,
 John Stebbins, jr.
 Samuel Stebbins,
 Ebenezer Stebbins,
 Joseph Stebbins,
 Thankful Stebbins,
 Elizabeth Stevens,
 Ebenezer Warner,
 Waitstill Warner, jr.*
 Sarah Warner,
 Rev. John Williams,
 Mrs. Eunice Williams,*
 Samuel Williams,
 Stephen Williams,
 Eunice Williams, jr.
 Esther Williams,
 Warham Williams,
 John Weston,
 Judah Wright.

Also three Frenchmen who had lived in Deerfield some time and who came from Canada.

NAMES OF THOSE WHO WERE SLAIN AT THE TAKING OF
 THE TOWN.

David Alexander,
 Thomas Carter,
 John Catlin,
 Jonathan Catlin,
 Sarah Field,
 Samson Frary,
 John French,
 Alice Hawks,

John Hawks, jr. and his
 wife.
 Thankful Hawks,
 John Hawks,
 Martha Hawks,
 Samuel Hinsdale,
 Joseph Ingersol,
 Jonathan Kellogg,

* This mark designates those who were slain in the meadows after they left the town.

Phillip Mattoon's wife and child.	Samuel Smead's wife and two children,
Parthena, (a negro)	Elizabeth Smead,
Henry Nims,*	Martin Smith,
Mary Nims,*	Serg. Benoni Stebbins,
Mehitable Nims,*	Andrew Stevens,
Sarah Price,	Mary Wells,
Mary Root,	John Williams, jr.
Thomas Shelden,	Jerusha Williams.
Mercy Shelden,	

SLAIN IN THE MEADOW.

Samuel Allis,	David Hoit, jr.
Serg. Boltwood,	Jonathan Ingram,
Robert Boltwood,	Serg. Benjamin Wait,
Joseph Catlin,	Nathaniel Warner.
Samuel Foot,	

Through the politeness of Mrs. Jerusha M. Colton, formerly Miss Williams, of Longmeadow, a descendant of the Rev. John Williams, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Dr. Stephen Williams, late of Springfield, I am indebted for the following Journal of her grandfather, kept during his captivity, and for other interesting matter relating to the early Indian war in this town and vicinity, written by him. It will be recollected that the Rev. Doctor Stephen Williams was a son of Mr. John Williams, and was taken prisoner with him at the last destruction of the town, at the age of eleven years. The following is his Journal from his own hand-writing:—

ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY OF THE REV. DOCTOR STEPHEN WILLIAMS, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

What befel Stephen Williams in his Captivity.

On the last of February 1703—4, the French and Indians came and surprised our fort and took it, and after they had broken into our house and took us prisoners, they

* These three were supposed to have been burnt to death in a cellar.

barbarously murdered a brother and sister of mine, as they did several of our neighbours. They rifled our house and then marched away with us that were captives, and set our house and barn on fire, as they did the greatest part of the town. When the greatest part of the enemy were gone out of the town, there came some English from the next town that drove those Indians that remained in the town away, but they were quickly driven back again by the rest of the army. Nine of them were slain as they retreated. Then they marched a little further and stopped, for they had several wounded men that hindered them. There they told us that if the English pursued they would kill us, otherwise they would not, but they quickly proved themselves liars, for before they departed from the place they barbarously murdered a child of about two years old. There my master took away my English shoes, and gave me Indian ones in the room of them, which I think were better to travel in. Then we marched five or six miles further where we took up our lodgings. Then one Englishman ran back to Deerfield, which provoked them much. They told us that if any more ran away they would burn the rest. There they slew our negro man. The next morning we travelled about two or three miles, when they murdered my ever honored mother, who having gone over a small river, which water running very swift flung her down, she being wet, was not able to travel any farther. We travelled eight or nine miles further and lodged that night. There some were disturbed, for some had five or six captives, and others none. They then called the captives together to make a more equal distribution, but I remained with my former master. Here they searched me and took away my silver buttons and buckles which I had on my shirt. Before we came to a small river, named West River, about thirty miles above Deerfield. They murdered three or four persons when they came to the West River, where they had slays and dogs with which they drew their wounded men. They travelled (we thought) as if they designed to kill us all, for they travelled thirty-five or forty miles a day.

Here they killed near a dozen women and children, for their manner was, if any loitered, to kill them. My feet were very sore, so that I was afraid they would kill me also. We rested on the Sabbath day; they gave my father liberty to preach. Here we sang a psalm, for they requested of

us a song. The next day we travelled a great way farther than we had at any time before. About the middle of the day, some that were in the rear fired at some geese that flew over, which put them into considerable fright, for they thought that the English were come up with them. Then they began to bind the prisoners, and to prepare themselves for battle, but when they understood what was the matter, they shot a volley for joy, boasting that the English could not overtake them.

I, coming to my honored father; he told me he was taken lame in his ankle, which he sprained in the fall of the year. He said likewise he thought he should be killed, and if I should live to get to Canada, to tell them who I was, &c. which then did terrify me much, but it pleased the (Lord) to strengthen him to perform his journey.

The next day was a tempestuous day, and I froze my great toe of my left foot; the day after, which was Wednesday, my master bid me go down to the river with him very early in the morning, which startled me, for he did not use to be so early. (There that river parted, and I went up one branch and my father with my brother and sisters another. I never saw my father for fourteen months.) I did not eat any thing in the morning, yet must travel all day, yea I travelled till about nine o'clock at night without one morsel of victuals. I travelled about fifty miles that day and night. For my supper I had one spoonful of Indian corn, in the morning five or six kernels, but must travel. Then we left the river and travelled about noon on the west side of that river. We came to two wigwams, where we found the signs of Indians but no Indians, (in those wigwams they left their sacks and went a hunting, if perhaps they might find some moose buried in the snow by the hunting Indians but could not find any.)

I, wandered about and lost myself and hollowed. My master came to me, and was very angry with me. He lifted up the breach of his gun in order to kill me, but God kept back his hand, for which I desire his name might be praised. The Indians will never allow any body to hollow in the woods. Their manner is to make a noise like wolves or other wild creatures, when they would call to one another. My master sent the Indian lad and I to those wigwams, but he himself took his gun and went a hunting (now there were only we three in company, we had left all that army.) We

made a fire but had no victuals to dress, only a moose's paunch and bones, which the Indians had left. (We took the paunch and boiled it without cleansing of it, for what was on it served for thickening the broth.) There we tarried that night, and the next day till about noon, then there came an Indian girl and brought us some moose's meat dried, which I thought was the best victuals ever I eat. We travelled with the Indian girl about ten miles where was two wigwams. My master that left us the day before was got there. While we tarried here, the French that were in the army passed by. Within a day or two we travelled seven or eight miles northward to a place where they had killed some moose, where they made wigwams (for their manner was when they killed any moose to move to them and lie by them till they had eaten them up.) Now there was two Englishmen of our town in company with me, who came from the army, to wit, Deacon Hoit, and one Jacob Hix, a soldier, (now my master was not yet come to his own family.) From hence he went to look for his family, and within a day or two sent for me. I thought this was hard to go away alone (that is to any English person.) Here I left Deac. Hoit and Jacob Hix. Deac. Hoit I never saw more, for he was dead before I came from hunting. I went with the messenger, and after a tedious day's travel came to my master's family. He gave me to his brother with whom I continued two or three months thereabouts hunting moose, bears, and beavers. But when I first arrived here they were extraordinary kind, took care of my toe which was frozen, would not suffer me to do any work, gave me deer skin to lie on, and a bear skin to cover me withal, but this did not last long, for I was forced to carry such a pack when I travelled that I could not rise up without some help, was forced to cut wood, and carry it sometimes a considerable way on my back. After that manner I lived till their hunting time was over, without any society but the inhuman pagans.

We travelled with the design to go to Cowass, where was their rendezvous; but before we had got quite there we met some Indians that stopped us. They told us that all the Indians were a coming away from Cowass, which within a day or two came to be true. Now the reason of their deserting that place was this; there came an Englishman with six of our Indians, and destroyed a family of Indians

about twenty miles from Cowass. Here we staid where these Indians met us, a month or six weeks, suffered much for want of provisions, for there was not much to be got a hunting there, and if that was any thing, it was nothing among so many. The chief of our provision was roots of several sorts and bark of trees. Here I met the abovesaid Jacob Hix, Deacon Hoit was already dead for want of provision. This Hix looked like a ghost, was nothing but skin and bone, could scarce go, had no victuals but what he got himself (for he had been at Cowass with the Indians a planting corn, when he suffered much for want of provision.) I was better off than they, while I was hunting, we had meat enough, but neither bread nor salt to eat with it.

There was in company now one Mr. Bradley, of Haverhill, and one Hannah Eastman, one Daniel Avery of Haverhill, and one Mrs. Jones, and Margaret Hugins, her maid, &c. who were taken at Northampton farms.

Now from hence we set away for Canada, my master had so much lumber to carry, that we were forced to carry a pack a mile or two, and go back and fetch another, which was very tedious. Jacob Hix died at the first carrying place of the French River, (now Onion River.) This was an exceedingly tedious march to me, we being so loaded. The other Indians left us. I suffered much in this journey, for when we came to the French river, it was as much as our canoe would carry our lumber, the water was so shallow, so that I was forced to travel a foot, on that bank, which cut out my shoes, my feet were much galled, and one or two of my toes almost cut off with the stones. I had little or nothing to eat. (My master killed a duck one day in the river, and for my part I had the guts, which I laid on the coals without cleansing them, which seemed a sweet morsel to me.) They did eat skins, &c. but when we arrived at the lake, we were supplied with fish and fowl, for there is a great number both of fish and fowl. The Indian boys do kill the geese with their bows and arrows, they are so bold. Fish are easily taken with hooks. One day as we sailed on the lake, two young Indians shot a fish with a bullet and took it into the canoe. It was as large as I am. I arrived to Shamblee in August, which was about half a year from the time I was taken. The French were kind to me, gave me bread, which I had not eaten in a great while. They told me my father, and brothers and sisters were got

to Canada, which I was glad to hear of, for I was afraid my youngest brother was killed.

While I tarried here, a Frenchman came and desired the Indians to let me go with him, which they did. I went with the Frenchman, who gave me some victuals, and made me lie down in his couch, which my masters' son perceiving, told his father who thought he did it to hide me, and did design to steal me; upon which he came up and fetched me away, and would not let me go to the fort any more, for which I suffered. (While I was here the French dressed my feet that were wounded, at which the Indians seemed to be vexed.)

From hence we went towards Sorel, but tarried a day or two near a Frenchman's house, about three miles from Shamblee, who was kind to me, and would have lodged me in his house, but the Indians would not allow of it, mistrusting he would convey me away in the night privately. From hence we went to Sorel and as soon as we had landed, there came a woman across the river on purpose to bring me some victuals, and seemed to pity me.

Here we tarried a day or two, my master bid me go to the fort a visiting, which was about four score rods off. I went, and at a Frenchman's persuasion tarried all night, and till next day about noon, when my master came for me; he was very angry with me, and after that would never suffer me to go to a French house alone. From this place we went to St. Francis, the Indian fort. My master could not comply with their rites and customs, whereupon he went to Albany and gave me to his kinsman Sagamore George. (Now this George when I was at Cowass, told the French Governor that I was his prisoner, whereas then he had nothing to do with me, whereupon the Governor impowered one Mr. Shamblee, a captain, to buy me, who made a bargain with George, give him earnest money.) Now being put into his hands, he was not willing that the French should know it, but having a desire to go to Shamblee, the place where Monsieur Shamblee lived, took me with him, but within ten miles of Shamblee, left me alone in the woods, while he, with those that were with him went to Shamblee.

After he came to Shamblee, we went a hunting, caught about eighty beaver in the brook which run into the river between Shamblee and Sorel. After we had done hunting we went again to St. Francis fort, where I continued till

towards spring, and then removed because the small-pox was among the Indians, and my master's children had not had it, so he removed. But while I remained there, Monsieur Shamblee heard that I was with Sagamore George, and came to buy me. I seemed to be willing to go with him, at which the Indians were much disturbed and would not let me go, because I shewed a forwardness to go, and did likewise threaten to kill me, did complain to the Jesuit, who came and said to me, "What, no love Indian, they have saved your life, &c."

It is no wonder that the children that are small will not speak to their friends when they come to see them, but they will scoff at and deride them, because the Indians have so taught them, and will be angry if they do otherwise.

While I lived here, I observed that some English children would scoff at me (when before the Indians, worse than the Indian children) but when alone they would talk familiarly with me in English, about their own country, &c. whereas when before the Indians they would pretend that they could not speak English. Here the Indians did say something to me about religion, but not much, being eastern Indians were not zealous as the Macquas are.

The French Governor after he heard I was in the country, because of my father's intreaties, was often sending to the Indians to buy me, who were quite wearied out because of the many messages he sent. The Governor was not willing to give above thirty crowns, whereas they stood for forty. At length being wearied out, my master went to the Jesuit, and got pen, ink, and paper, would have me write to my father (for we had heard he was learned, and had two hundred pounds a year allowed him, which I believe some of them believed.) After he had got paper he takes another Indian with him that could speak good English who were to indite for me. The substance of the letter was this, that if they did not buy me before spring, they would not sell me afterwards, and that he must give forty crowns for me. They carried it to the Jesuit, who could speak English, to read, to see whether I had written as they ordered me, and when they found I had they were well pleased.

My master had a mind to go hunting, and would have taken me with him, but because he sent such word, that they must buy by such a time, he left me at home, that I might be ready if they should send to buy me, and when

Capt. Livingston and Mr. Sheldon were come to Canada, my mistress thought there would be an exchange of prisoners, and lest the French should then take me away for nothing, she removed up in the woods, about half a mile from the river, that if they came they might not find me; while on a certain day my mistress went to a French house to get victuals, and ordered me to spend my day in getting wood, but it proved a tempestuous day, and we had half a cart load at the door, which is a great deal for Indians to have, so that I did not get any. When she came home, being disturbed by the French, asked what I had been doing, they replied nothing, at which she was very angry. I will not beat you myself, says she, for my husband ordered me to the contrary, but will tell the Jesuit, the next time he comes. Now they were not gone so far but that the Jesuit knew where they were, who often visited them. Within a day or two the Jesuit comes. She was as good as her word, did complain. He takes me out and whipt me with a whip with six cords, several knots in each cord.

After a few days, he comes again, and brings me a letter from my father, by which I understood he was a prisoner as well as I, which I told the Indians, who said they believed it. He likewise said in his letter that the Governor of New-England would take care we should be redeemed.

Whilst I lived here, I made about fourscore weight of sugar with the sap of maple trees, for the Indians. My mistress had a mind to go to Sorel, and because there was a barrel of sap to boil, she sent me to the sugar place over night to boil it, that so we might go in the morning. I went and kept a good fire under the kettle, little thinking of its coming to sugar till it was spoiled for want of stirring, for the manner is to stir it when it comes almost to sugar, for which they were very angry, and would not give me any victuals.

It being now spring we went in canoes to Sorel, and so soon as we had got there, the woman that brought me victuals across the river when I was there before, came and desired of the Indians to let me go to the fort, which they consented to. I went, but remembering the bad effect of tarrying all night before, durst not do so again without the Indians' leave. I went to the Indians, and carried them some victuals, and asked them to let me lie at the fort, which they granted. I kept here about a fortnight and lay at the fort every night.

The French were very kind, provided victuals for me, and would give me some to carry to the Indians which pleased them well. As we went back to St. Francis fort, we met a French canoe, who told us that the French Governor would come to St. Francis fort quickly, upon which my mistress said to me, your time is short you have to live with me, (truly I hoped it was.)

When we came to St. Francis we went to master's land, where I began to make preparation to plant corn, but before we began to plant, the Governor came and bought me, after a long parley, for forty crowns. With him I went to Sorel, where I met with Capt. Livingston, and several captives. Capt. Livingston told me I should go home to New-England with him, which revived me much to think of going home, but the Governor quickly altered his mind, said I must not go from hence.

I went down to Quebec with the Lord Intendant. When I came to Quebec, I found several English people that were prisoners. Here one Mr. Hill took care of me, cut my hair for me, (now my hair was like an Indian's, one side long, and the other short.) He got me a shirt, and a pair of breeches, and a jacket and stockings.

From hence on the 11th of May I was sent to live with my father at Chateauviche. While I lived here, the French were very courteous and kind to me, as they were to my father. This seemed almost home to me because I was got to my father who I had not seen for fourteen months. (When Mr. Dudley came to Canada, my father and I was sent for up to Quebec. When we were at Quebec, Capt. Courtamouch took us to his house and entertained us very nobly. He said he received kindness at New-England. While we were at Quebec, the Seminary, a famous building, was burnt. And upon Mr. Dudley and Capt. Vetch petitioning, the Governor gave me liberty to come home, and accordingly I came away on the 12th of October, 1705, but I left my honored father and brothers and sisters behind, and after a tedious voyage, I arrived safe at Boston, in New-England, on the 21st of November, 1705. And I desire that the name of God may be praised and adored for his wonderful goodness to me in sparing my life when I was as it were, on the brink of eternity, and that he stayed the hands of those that took up their weapons to slay me with them.

N. B. That while with the Indians I was in great danger of being drowned several times.

EXTRACT OF A SERMON

Preached at Mansfield, August 4, 1741, at a time set apart for prayer for the revival of religion, and on behalf of Mrs. Eunice, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. John Williams, (formerly Pastor of Deerfield) who was then on a visit there, from Canada, where she has been long in captivity: by Solomon Williams, A. M., Pastor of the first Church in Lebanon.

“You may well think I have all along had some special eye to the uncommon occasion of prayer at this time; that PERSON here present with us, who has been for a long time in a miserable captivity, with a barbarous and heathen people now for more than thirty-eight years; yet among that people bred up in Popish superstition, blindness and bigotry, who, by the Providence of God, came last year, and now again with her husband, and two of her children on a visit to her friends in New-England. Some of you know well, and I am sure I do, how long she has been the subject of prayer; what numberless prayers have been put up to God for her by many *holy souls* now in Heaven? as well as many who yet remain on earth? How many groans and fervent prayers can these ears witness to have uttered and breathed forth with a sort of burning and unquenchable ardor from the pious and holy soul of her dear Father, now with God. I know not that ever I heard him pray after his own return from captivity without a remembrance of her; that God would return her to his sanctuary, and the enjoyment of the Gospel light and grace in that purity and simplicity in which it shines in our land. But in this it seemed as if he never could be denied; that God would not let her perish in Popish superstition and ignorance; but let her place be where it would, that he would, as he easily could, find some way for deliverance from those snares and thick laid stratagems of the devil to beguile and ruin poor souls, and make her a monument of his glorious and Almighty grace. And this he was wont to do with such expressions of faith in God, and holy fervors of his soul as seemed to breathe himself and her into the arms of the covenant of grace. God did not give him leave to see the performance of his wishes and desires for her, but took them to satisfy him in God himself, and make him perfectly know that not a tittle of the covenant should ever fail; and left her in the same state to try the faith, and call forth the prayers of his people still. We now see some dawnings towards her deliverance, and living hopes of it; though all endeavors of men

to persuade her here have been heretofore tried in vain; it has pleased God to incline her the last summer, and now again of her own accord to make a visit to her friends; and seems to encourage us to hope that He designs to answer the many prayers which have been put up for her, and by the mighty power of his Providence and grace to give us one extraordinary conviction that he is a God hearing prayer."

The following extract of a letter to me from Mrs. Jerusha M. Colton on the same subject, dated, Longmeadow, May 26th, 1836, is highly interesting, and I have no doubt she will pardon me for the freedom I have taken in transcribing it:—

"I send you an old sermon, thinking the occasion of it might interest you, if you have never seen it. Here is another testimony of one personally acquainted with my great-grandfather, of his deep piety, and I think a remarkable expression of it.

My aunt Eunice was indeed the object of great solicitude. I have heard my dear mother say of my grandfather, as it is here said of my father, that she never heard him pray without remembering her. She made her first visit here in 1740. My uncle Eleazer, of Mansfield, Mr. Meacham, Esther's husband, and my grand-father, met their dear and long lost sister in Albany. The affair was negotiated entirely by their friends the Schuylers. It was with difficulty she was prevailed upon to come to Albany, and she resolutely determined to come no farther, for fear she should be detained; but they finally persuaded her and her husband to come to Longmeadow and there visit their other friends; finding, although they were urged to stay, that they would not be compelled to do any thing contrary to their wishes, they came the next year with two children and staid several months, visiting their friends in Boston and elsewhere. The Legislature of the state granted them a tract of land, if they would plant themselves in New-England, but she positively refused, on this ground, that it would endanger her soul. She visited here twice afterwards, and lived to a great age."

**CAPT. STODDARD'S JOURNAL OF HIS SCOUT FROM DEERFIELD
TO ONION OR FRENCH RIVER IN 1707.**

From the old papers of the Rev. Dr. Stephen Williams, of Springfield.

Captain Stoddard set away from Deerfield the 28th of April, with twelve men, and Wednesday was a fortnight after they tracked Indians upon the French river, and they followed them till Saturday night; and at which time they had got to the last carrying place, and was quite discouraged, and concluded that they had got so far out of their reach that they could not overtake them, and three of them had a mind to take their canoe which was all they had which was serviceable, and go to Shamblee and get a Frenchman or more if they could, and set away upon the lake, and was drove by a contrary wind upon a point of land, and there they discovered some Indians, and two of them staid at the canoe, and the third, namely, John Wells went to observe their motions; and after we had gone a little way he saw a person with his back towards him, she being in a plain place so that he could not get away from being discovered, and he was loath to shoot because he was in hopes of getting more booty; and whilst he was thinking, the person rose up and stood a little while, and for fear of being discovered he shot, and she fell down. He took his hatchet out of his girdle and ran up to her to cut off its head, and then he saw it had a white face which very much startled him; and she spoke, saying, Netop, Netop, my master. He ran to the canoe, and they set off. The Indians shot two or three guns, which he judged they were to alarm one another, and they overtook the rest of their company the same day just at night, and then they set away for home, and arrived there the 30th of May. By their describing of the person that was killed, uncle (Rev. John Williams) thinks it was an eastward captive, namely, Jehannah Ardanay. And Wells saith he thought it was she as soon as he saw her face. Here I have sent you a short account.

EXTRACT FROM REV. DR. STEPHEN WILLIAMS' JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1696. John Smead and John Gillet, being in the woods hunting bees were beset by a company of French Mohawks. Gillet was taken prisoner, and John Smead escaped. The Indians fearing a discovery by Smead,

sixteen of them hastened away towards the town, and three were left with John Gillet. It being lecture day the people were got out of the meadows that so they might attend the lecture, so that the enemy came as far as Mr. Daniel Belding's house,* that was within gun shot of the fort. Mr. Belding being belated about his work was but just got home from the field, and left his cart that was loaded with corn, and went into the house and left the team with the cart, and the Indians rushed upon them, and took him prisoner and his son Nathaniel, aged 22 years, and his daughter Esther, aged 13 years, and killed his wife and his son Daniel, and John, and his daughter Thankful. They took his son Samuel from the cart, but he kicked, and scratched, and bit so that the Indian set him down, and struck the edge of his hatchet into the pate of his head, and then pulled out his hatchet, and left him for dead. His brains followed the hatchet but he revived, and got to the fort, where there was care taken of him, and notwithstanding the wound that he had, it pleased God his life was spared, and his wound healed, and he is yet living. He was once or twice accounted to be dead, and once accounted as dead a day or two after his being wounded. Abigail Belding, another daughter was shot in the arm as she was running to the fort, but it was generally thought the bullet that struck her came from the fort. Sarah Belding, another of the daughters hid herself amongst some tobacco in the chamber, and so escaped. The people in the fort being then at the public worship, were alarmed, shot from the fort and wounded one of the enemy in the fleshy part of the thigh. The Indians fired at the fort, and wounded one Mr. Williams as he went out of the gate. The enemy presently withdrew (were not one quarter of an hour in doing the exploit) and were followed by some brisk young men into the meadow, who came within thirty rods of them, and fired at them, and the Indians at them again without damage on either side. The Indians killed some cattle that were feeding in the meadows, and a boy that had the care of the cattle hid himself in the weeds and escaped. The enemy went up the Green river and came to their companions they had left with Gillet. John Smead came into the house soon after Mr. Belding's family were well off. The first night the enemy lodged in a round hole

* On the ground where Mr. Ralph Williams now lives.

near the river above the rock in N. H. and from thence pursued their way to Canada by the way of Otter Creek, leaving Connecticut river, &c. When they came near Otter Creek, they came upon some tracks of Albany Indians that were going to Canada, for in those times the Indians from Albany were wont to go a scalping, as they call it, to Canada, they sent out their scouts, and were upon the look out, and at length discovered their smoke. And then they flung down their packs and painted themselves, and tied their English captives to trees, and left two men to guard them, and proceeded on their business, and having divided themselves into two companies, they fell upon the savage company, which consisted of six men, and killed two of them, wounded two, and two escaped. Among the slain was one Uroew, an Indian known among the English, and supposed to be a bloody fellow. Of their own men, one was wounded near the fleshy part of the thigh, as one had been before at (Dfd) Deerfield. The prisoners were one a Schaghticook Indian, and the other a young Albany Mohawk. When the skirmish was over, the English were brought up, and so they proceeded on their journey. Mr. Belding asked the Schaghticook Indian (now his fellow prisoner) what the enemy would do with them, who replied that they would not kill the English prisoners, but give some of them to the French, and keep some of them themselves; but he expected to be burnt himself; but when they came to the lake one rainy night, they made no fires, and some of them lodged under the canoes, from whom this Schaghticook made his escape, having loosed himself by some means from his cords, &c. and although he was pursued, the enemy could not recover him. As for the young Albany Mohawk, he was kept alive, being one of their own nation. The French Mohawk went on their return to Canada, to the sect of the Romish religion. When Mr. Belding and company came to the fort called Oso, the males were obliged to run the gauntlet. Mr. Belding being a very nimble and light-footed man, received but few blows, save at first setting out, but the other two men were much abused by clubs, fire-brands, &c.

They arrived at Canada, and now they found what the Schaghticook Indian said to be true, for the Indians kept Mr. Belding himself, and his daughter with them, and gave John Gillet and N. B. to the French. John Gillet worked

as a servant to the nuns at their farm, and N. B. worked for the Holy Sisters.

On the night of the 9th of July following, Mr. Belding was sold to the French, and lived as a servant with the Jesuits at the seminary. His business was to wait upon them, and cut wood, make fires, &c. and tend the garden, and accounted himself favorably dealt by, &c. In the winter following Col. Abraham Schuyler, with some others, came to Canada, and brought with them a copy of the articles of peace between England and France, and returned home with some Dutch captives.

In April following, Col. Peter Schuyler, and Col. A. Schuyler and the Dutch Domine, with some others, came to Canada, and the French Governor gave liberty to all captives, English and Dutch, to return home,—yea, allowed them to obligate under 16 years of age to return with them, those above that age were to be at their liberty, &c. These Dutch gentlemen gathered up all the captives both English and Dutch that they could, and returned June 8, took Mr. Belding and his children, and Martin Smith with about twenty more English with them, and arrived at Albany in about fifteen days, where the Dutch people treated him with a great deal of kindness, offered to send him home directly to Deerfield. Col Schuyler clothed him and his children at the desire of his brother, Mr. John Belding of N. Y. who paid him for the clothes, &c. After about three weeks, stay at Albany Mr. Belding and his children went down the river to New York where his brother had provided a place for his entertainment. From York he went in a vessel to Stamford, and from thence returned to New York, and after some stay there returned to Deerfield. John Gillet got home a little before him by the way of France, and so to England, having received great kindness, in England.

An account of Some Ancient things. From the Same.

Capt. Wright, Lieut. Wells, — Wright, Jabez Olmstead, Job Strong, Jonathan Hoit, Tim. Childs, John Burt and Tim. Pagan, and Joshp Ephn. at the lake went within four miles of Shamblee, killed one and wounded three, and at French river killed eight. Leaving B. and Lieut. Wells, and John S. wounded. They got one canoe

with their prisoners. This was next day after the expedition at the lake; slept at White river Eli Severance, Tho's Mc'Crary, Joseph Root, and Sergeant Wait.

Deerfield, May 10, 1704. John Allen and his wife going out from the garrison about two miles upon some business were ambushed by the Indians who killed him outright, and took his wife, whom they killed about a mile or two from the place.

About the middle of July 1704, a friend Indian was killed at Hatfield mill, his name was Kindniss. The enemy had not time to scalp him.

On the same week, Thomas Russel, a young man of Hatfield, being then a soldier of Deerfield, was sent out into the woods with men as a scout, but he rambling from his company was killed by the Indians.

Sometime in May or June 1705, Joseph Petty, John Nims, Thomas Baker, and Martin Kellogg jr. made their escape from Montréal, and got home to Deerfield, &c.

July 13, 1704. One Dr. Crossman with two or three more men were riding in the night between Hadley and Springfield, and were fired upon by the enemy, who wounded Dr. Crossman in the arm. This is the only time that I can learn that they ever fired upon any body in the night.

July 31, 1706. Samuel Chapin and his brother went up to their farm perceiving signs of Indians, at a place called Chicoby, in the north part of Springfield. They hastened toward the town, but the Indians followed them about a mile and a half, and then fired upon them, and shot Samuel Chapin through the side but he recovered of his wound. The same company of Indians, as it is supposed, went to Brookfield, and killed the widow Taft as she was milking.

July 9, 1708. Samuel and Joseph Parsons, of Northampton, sons to Capt. John Parsons, being in the woods looking after cattle, were slain by the Indians.

July, 26, 1708. About 7 or 8 Indians rushed into the house of Lieut. Wright at a place called Skipmuck, in Springfield, and killed and scalped, and they beat their heads to pieces, Aaron Parsons, and Barijah Hubbard, who were soldiers, knocked down and scalped old Mr. Wright, who yet lived about three months and then died, two children of Henry Wright, that lay in the cradle they knocked on the head, one of them died that night, the other recov-

ered and is still living. They took Henry Wright's wife captive, whom it is supposed they afterwards killed and scalped. Lieut. Wright got out of his shop window, and made his escape, and a daughter of his ran out at a door which latched on the outside, and pulled the string after her, and so escaped. The house was not fortified, but had flankers at two corners, &c.

October, 30, 1708. Abijah Bartlet was killed at Brookfield and Joseph Jennings and Benjamin Jennings, and John Green were wounded, a boy of John Woolcot's was taken.

October 26, 1708. Ebenezer Field, of Hatfield, going to Deerfield, was killed near muddy, or as some call it bloody brook, for there it was that Capt. Lathrop and his company were cut off in Philip's war.

August 1708. A scout of six men about an hundred miles above Deerfield were fell upon by a party of Indians and one Robert Windsor was slain, but after he had received his mortal wound, he got upon his knees and shot the very Indian that shot him, and fell down and died. So that when the Indians came to them, which was within a few minutes, they were both dead, lying within a few rods one of another. This account I had of an Indian, who upon relating the matter added "no he is not Barber but his ghost." At the same time Martin Kellog was taken, which was the second time of his going into captivity, but before he was taken, discharged his gun and wounded an Indian in his thigh.

April 11, 1709. Mr. Mehuman Hinsdale was driving his team from Northampton, without any fear of Indians, (the leaves not being put forth) was met by two Indians about half a mile from the pine bridge in Hatfield north meadow, who took him prisoner and carried him away into the West woods. The Indians were civil and courteous to him on their journey. They arrived at Shamblee within about eleven days and a half. After they took Mr. Hinsdale from Shamblee they carried him to Oso, the fort, where he was obliged to run the gauntlet, as they call it, for near three quarters of a mile, but he ran so swiftly as not to receive a blow till he came near the fort, when he was met by an Indian, who taking hold of the line that was round his neck, and hung upon his back, pulled him down, and so he was struck by one fellow; after he was got into the fort, he was set in the midst of the company, and

obliged to sing and dance, and while thus employed he was struck a very severe blow upon his naked back by a youth of such an age as to think of engaging in some warlike expedition; but this being contrary to their usual custom, (he having performed the ceremony of running the gauntlet,) was resented not only by Mr. Hinsdale, the sufferer, but by the Indians in general. From this fort Mr. Hinsdale was carried to the French Governor, who knew him (for this was the second time of Mr. Hinsdale's captivity) and told him he expected a full account of what news especially about an expedition, (which he suspected was on foot,) the governor told him if he would give him a full account of what there was in his country, he would treat him with respect; but if he found he did not, he would use him worse than a *Devil*, &c. But Mr. Hinsdale avoided what he could toward giving him an account but when Mr. Whitney of Billerica was brought into the country by the Indians, and gave an account of an expedition on foot, Mr. Hinsdale was taken and put into the dungeon, &c. ✓

After a while the Indians desired of the Governor that they might have Mr. Hinsdale to burn, pretending they would fight the better against the English if they could burn an Englishman, and he was delivered to the Indians who were plotting to leave the French and go over to Gen. Nicholson and the Dutch, and designed to make use of Mr. Hinsdale to have introduced them, &c. He was recaptured from the French, and Mr. Hinsdale was led away towards Montreal from Quebec. The Indians, communicated their design to Mr. Hinsdale, who was overjoyed with the account, (for he thought of nothing but being sacrificed by them,) and encouraged it; but before they were ready to execute their design, a certain Indian fell sick, and in his sickness making confession to a priest, discovered the plot, and so all was dashed.

The fellow that was the projector of it (being one that had come from Albany upon some of the Five Nations and to them) had timely notice to escape to Shamlee, where he put a trick upon the officer of the Fort, pretending to him that he was sent by the Governor to make what discovery if the English supplied him with arms, ammunition, and provisions; and he had been gone but a little while into the wood before his pursuers (the plot being wholly ript up) came after him, but he was gone so as to escape his pursu-

ers. Mr. Hinsdale was taken from the Indians, and again committed to prison, and the next year Mr. Hinsdale and Mr. Joseph Clesson were sent to France in a Man of War; and in France he met with great kindness, particularly from the Lord Intendant of Rochelle, and after a while they were shipped at St. Melores for London, where they met with great kindness, especially from Mr. Agent Dummer, who interceded with the Lords of the Admiralty, who ordered them on board one of the Queen's ships, which brought them to Rhode Island, from whence they got home in safety, after Mr. Hinsdale had been absent from his family about three years and a half.

[About the first of June, 1836, I copied the inscription on the old tomb-stone of Mehuman Hinsdale, in our old burying yard. It is on a beautiful light blue slate-stone, one of the most durable kinds of stone for monuments, and, in my opinion, far superior to marble. I cannot ascertain where this kind of stone was obtained. The grave-stone of the second wife of the Rev. John Williams, is of the same material, and one of the finest stones in this yard.

"Here lies buried the body of Lievt. Mehuman Hinsdell, died May ye 9, 1736, in the 63d year of his age, who was the first male child born in this place, and was twice captivated by the Indian Salvages.

Math. 5th—7th—"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."]

August, 1709.—John Clary and Robert Granger were slain at Brookfield. July 22, 1710—John Grosvenor, Ebenezer Howard, John White, Benjamin and Stephen Jennings, and Joseph Kellogg, were slain in the meadow at Brookfield.

Aug. 10, 1711—Samuel Strong, of Northampton, with his son Samuel, going in the morning very early into the field, were ambuscaded by a party of Indians, who fired upon them and killed and scalped the young man, and wounded the old gentleman in the shoulder, and then took him captive and carried him to Canada, but he has since returned home again.

July 29, 1712.—Benjamin Wright, a lad, son to Joseph Wright of Skipmuck in Springfield, being in a meadow at Skipmuck, was taken by the Indians, and afterwards killed in the woods as was supposed.

July 30, 1712.—A scout of men that was out above Deer-

field, being very careless and noisy, as they travelled, were fired upon by a party of Indians, who killed Samuel Andross, and took Jonathan Barrett and William Sanford captives.

June 18, 1724.—A small company of Indians fell upon some men in Hatfield, at a place called the Mill Swamp, about four miles from town, and killed Benjamin Smith, and took captive Joseph Allis and Aaron Wells. The men they killed within a day or two, &c.

July 10, 1724.—Timothy Childs and Samuel Allen were wounded by the Indians in Deerfield meadow, but they recovered of their wounds, &c.

THE BARRS FIGHT.

In order to render the history of Indian battles, which are necessarily connected with the biography of Mr. Williams, complete, it is thought advisable to give some account of the Barrs Fight, so called, as this was the last incursion of the Indians against the town of Deerfield.

In the year 1744, the war again commenced between France and Great Britain, and the Indians again became the allies of France. From 1725 to 1745, there were scarcely any Indian depredations in Deerfield or its vicinity. In 1745 there were several skirmishes with the Indians in various parts of the country, but none within the borders of Deerfield, or in which her citizens were engaged.

On the 25th of August, 1746, occurred the Barrs Fight, at the south-west part of Deerfield meadows. The following relation was given me by Miss Eunice Allen, who, on that day was tomahawked by an Indian, but survived the cruel wound. Miss Allen was above eighty years of age when she gave me the history. She had at this time been confined to her bed more than sixteen years, but her recollection was very clear and distinct. She remembered the events of that day as perfectly as if they had taken place yesterday. Her account agrees with that of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, published in 1793.

Fort Massachusetts, at the western foot of Hoosick mountain, about thirty miles west of Deerfield, was taken on the 20th of August, 1746. After the capitulation a party of Indians, meditating an attack upon Deerfield, came down upon the borders of the meadows, and reconnoitered

them. They first examined the north meadow, and then the south. Finding a quantity of hay in the south meadow, two miles south of the street, and supposing that our people would be there at work the next day, they concealed themselves in the brush and underwood upon the borders of the adjoining hills. The next day, ten or twelve men and children, the men armed with guns which they always carried with them, went into the field and commenced their labor. A Mr. Eleazer Hawks was out hunting patridges on the hills, where the Indians lay, that morning. He saw a patridge and shot it. This alarmed the Indians, who supposed they were discovered. They immediately killed and scalped Mr. Hawks, and then proceeded to attack the workmen. They fought some time which gave some of the children an opportunity to escape. Mr. Allen, father of Miss Allen, resolutely maintained his ground, in defence of three children, who were at work with him in the field, until he killed one or two of the enemy. When he was overpowered he fought them with the breach of his gun, but he was finally shot, and horribly mangled. The shirt which he wore on that day, torn with many balls and gashed with tomahawks, is still to be seen, as a curiosity, either in the Museum in Deerfield Academy, or at the house of his grandson, at the Barrs. In this engagement three men and a boy were killed, one boy was taken prisoner, and Miss Allen was wounded in the head and left for dead, but not scalped. In endeavoring to make her escape she was pursued by an Indian with an uplifted tomahawk and a gun. She was extremely active, and would have outran him, had he not fired upon her. The ball missed her, but she supposed that it had struck her, and in her fright, she fell. The Indian overtook her and buried his tomahawk in her head, and left her for dead. The firing in the meadows alarmed the people in the street, who ran to the scene of action, and the Indians made a hasty retreat, and were pursued for several miles by a body of men under the command of Captain Clesson. Miss Allen was passed by a number of people, who supposed her to be dead. At last an uncle came to her, discovered signs of life in her, and conveyed her home. Her wound was dressed by Dr. Thomas Williams, who took from it considerable quantities of brain.

Samuel Allen, Jr. the boy who was taken in this engagement, was carried to Canada, and remained with the In-

dians a year and nine months. He was finally redeemed by Col. John Hawks, of this town, who was a celebrated partisan officer in Indian warfare, and a most useful and worthy man, whose biography should be transmitted to posterity. He was extremely loth to see Col. Hawks, who was his uncle, and when he came into his presence he refused to speak the English language, pretending to have forgotten it ; and although he was dressed most shabbily, fared most miserably, and was covered with vermin, he was very much opposed to leaving the Indians. Threats and force were finally employed to make him consent to quit them, and he asserted to the day of his death that the Indian mode of life was the happiest.

To give a complete view of all the Indian skirmishes which have ever occurred in the valley of the Connecticut, north of Springfield in Massachusetts, I shall subjoin the date of all those I have not heretofore enumerated. In July 1745, the Indians attacked Great Meadow, above Fort Dummer on the Connecticut, and captivated William Phips ; after marching half a mile, Phips killed one of his captors, and knocked down another, when he attempted to escape, but three of the enemy overtook and killed him. Josiah Fisher was killed and scalped about the same time, near upper Ashuelot.

On the 11th Oct. the Indians again attacked the fort at Great Meadow, but unsuccessfully. Nehemiah How was taken and carried to Quebec, where he died. On their return they killed a man by the name of David Rugg. In April 1746, the enemy took from No. 4 (Charlestown, N. H.), then the most northerly settlement on the Connecticut, Capt. John Spafford, Isaac Parker, and Stephen Farnsworth, and carried them to Canada, and soon after, near Northfield, they killed Joshua Holton.—On the 23d of this month a large party of Indians made an unsuccessful attempt upon the fort at the upper Ashuelot. John Bullard and the wife of Daniel McKinne were killed, and Nathan Blake was made prisoner.

Early in May No. 4 was again attacked. Seth Putnam was killed. They were driven off by the intrepidity of Col. Willard, having lost two of their number.

May 6th, an unsuccessful attack was made upon the fort at Fall-town (now Bernardstown). John Burke was wounded, though not severely. They burnt one house,

and killed about ten cattle. The Indians lost two men.— On that very day Serjt. John Hawks and John Miles were wounded by the Indians near Fort Massachusetts—Miles escaped to the fort. Hawks fought them for some time single handed, and might have taken them both had he understood their language. They begged for quarter just before he turned to escape.

On the 10th of the same month, Matthew Clark with his wife and daughter at Colerain, were fired upon by five Indians who had been a short time before at Fall-town. Clark was killed outright, and his wife and daughter wounded. One of the Indians was killed by a soldier in the fort at Colerain, the rest retreated, and the wounded were brought in. Soon after the enemy again attacked No. 4. Capt. Stevens repulsed them with the loss of three men, viz. Aaron Lyon, Peter Perrin, and Joseph Marcy. Four of his men were wounded and one taken captive.

On the 11th of June the Indians attacked Fort Massachusetts and were repulsed. They wounded Gershom Hawks, and Elisha Nims, and captured Benjamin Tenter. The Indians lost one man.

No. 4 was again attacked on the 19th, and a gallant action maintained by Capts. Stevens and Brown. The enemy were again driven back. Jedediah Winchel was killed, and David Parker, Jonathan Stanhope and Noah Heaton, were wounded, but recovered.

On the 20th, about twenty Indians attacked Bridgman's fort, just below Fort Dummer. William Robbins and James Parker were killed; John Beaumont and Daniel How were captivated; Michael Gilson and Patrick Ray were wounded but recovered.

July 28th, the Indians took David Morrison, of Colerain, a prisoner.

August 3d, No. 4 was again attacked, and Ebenezer Philips was killed. After this they retreated, after having burnt several buildings and killed many cattle and horses.

On the 11th, Benjamin Wright of Northfield was killed while riding in the woods, by a shot from an Indian. Ezekiel Wallingford of Paquaig, now Athol, was killed and scalped on the 17th—and on the same day a man by the name of Bliss was killed and scalped near Colerain or Bernardston on the road from Deerfield.

1747. Again No. 4 was unsuccessfully attacked. Two

men by the names of Joseph Ely and John Brown were slightly wounded, on the 7th of April.

Asahel Burt and Nathaniel Dickinson of Northfield were killed and scalped on the 15th. As the enemy returned from Northfield, they burnt the principal part of the buildings in Winchester and lower Ashuelot, the inhabitants having previously deserted them.

On the 15th of July, Mr. Eliakim Sheldon of Bernards-ton was killed by an Indian, and some time in the course of this month John Mills, of Colerain, was also killed.

August 26th, the enemy appeared at Northampton, and killed and scalped Elijah Clark. John Smead was also killed and scalped, as he was travelling from Northfield to Sunderland.

A skirmish took place on the 24th of October, between twelve men who were passing down the river from No. 4, and a body of Indians. The enemy killed and scalped Nathaniel Gould and Thomas Goodell. Oliver Avery was wounded, and John Henderson was captivated. The rest escaped.

1748. March 15th, twenty Indians attacked about eight of our men who were out a few rods from No. 4. Charles Stevens was killed, one Androus was wounded, and Eleazer Priest was captivated.

On the 9th of May, Noah Pixley of Southampton was killed and scalped.

As Capt. Melvin with eighteen men about this time, were at the lake near Crown Point, he fired at two canoes containing Indians. When on his return, being on the West river, thirty or forty miles above fort Dummer, he was attacked by surprise by the Indians, and his men were dispersed. Some of them rallied and returned the fire of the enemy and killed one of them. Melvin lost six men. The rest returned at intervals. The names of the men who were killed were Joseph Petty, John Heywood, John Dod, Daniel Mann, and Isaac Taylor. It is supposed Samuel Severance was captivated.

As thirteen men were marching from Col. Hinsdale's on the 13th, to Fort Dummer, they were attacked by a large body of Indians. Joseph Richardson, Nathan French and John Frost, were killed instantaneously. Henry Stevens, Ben. Osgood, William Blanchard, Matthew Wiman,

Joel Johnson, Moses Perkins, and William Bickford, were captivated. Bickford, probably died of his wounds.

As Capt. Hobbs from No. 4 was marching, on the 28th of June, through the woods with 40 men, about twelve miles Northwest of Fort Dummer, he was attacked by a large body of Indians, who pursued him. With much coolness, judgment and deliberation, he arranged his men in order, and fought the enemy four hours with great bravery, and dispersed them. Capt. Hobbs lost three men, viz. Ebenr. Mitchel, Eli Scott, and Samuel Gunn. Three also were wounded.

On the 14th of July, a scout of seventeen men, while passing from Col. Hinsdale's to Fort Dummer, were fired upon by 120 Indians. Two of the scout were killed at the onset; two were wounded, four escaped, and the rest were captivated. The Indians killed the wounded, after they had proceeded with them about a mile. On the 23d, the Indians killed a man in Northfield street, by the name of Aaron Belding.

On the 2d of August, 200 of the enemy were hovering round Fort Massachusetts, which was then under the command of Capt. since Col. Ephraim Williams,—The Indians fired upon a scout from the fort, and Capt. Williams with thirty men went out to meet them, but their numbers were so great that he thought it best to return. In this action one Abbot was killed, and Lieut. Hawley, and Ezekiel Wells wounded, but not dangerously.—This was the last mischief done by the enemy till the year 1755, as peace occurred between France and England in 1748, and war did not again break out till 1756. Nevertheless the Indians began their depredations again in 1755, in the summer of which year a number of them appeared at Stockbridge, and killed several men and cattle. In June they attacked a party of men who were at work in the meadow in the upper part of Charlemont. Several escaped, but Capt. Rice and Phineas Arms were killed, and their bodies were horribly mangled. A boy by the name of Titus King was taken prisoner.—In the same month the Indians attacked Bridgman's fort at Hinsdale, and carried it. Fourteen persons were captivated. Caleb Howe was killed. The remainder escaped. About the same time the fort at Keene, under the command of Capt. Sims, was attacked with great fury, by a large body of Indians. They

were repulsed with fortitude. No lives were lost on the part of the English, but many cattle were killed, and houses burnt. One person who was out of the fort was taken. They soon after appeared at the same fort and took a man by the name of Frizzle.

In July a large body of the enemy again attacked fort Hinsdale, and killed two men, one named Alexander, and took one prisoner. Nearly at the same time they killed two men at Bellows's fort; and somewhat farther up the river a man by the name of Pike was killed.

1756. June 17th. At Winchester this day Josiah Foster and his family were captivated, and on the same day at Fort Massachusetts the Indians killed Benjamin King and a man by the name of Meacham. In June also they killed Lt. Joseph Willard at No. 4.

On the 25th of the same month, a large body of Indians attacked a body of our men, who were returning from the army at the lake. Eight men were killed, and five taken prisoners.

Captain Chapin, and two persons by the name of the Chidester, were killed by the Indians on the 11th of July, at a place called West Hoosic.

In the year 1757 the enemy made his appearance at No. 4, and took five persons prisoners.

On the 20th of March 1758, the enemy fired on and wounded John Morrison and John Henry of Colerain, near north river, a branch of Deerfield river. They burnt Capt. Morrison's barn, and killed his cattle the same day. On the 21st the Indians again made their appearance at Colerain, and took Joseph McCown and his wife prisoners. They killed Mrs. McCown the next day, she being unable to travel.

After this period the people in this section of the country were not molested by the Indians.



TO THE READER.

The letter A. at page 33, line 12, to be expunged, as no corresponding letter is referred to in the Appendix.—A few typographical errors the candid reader can easily correct.

